

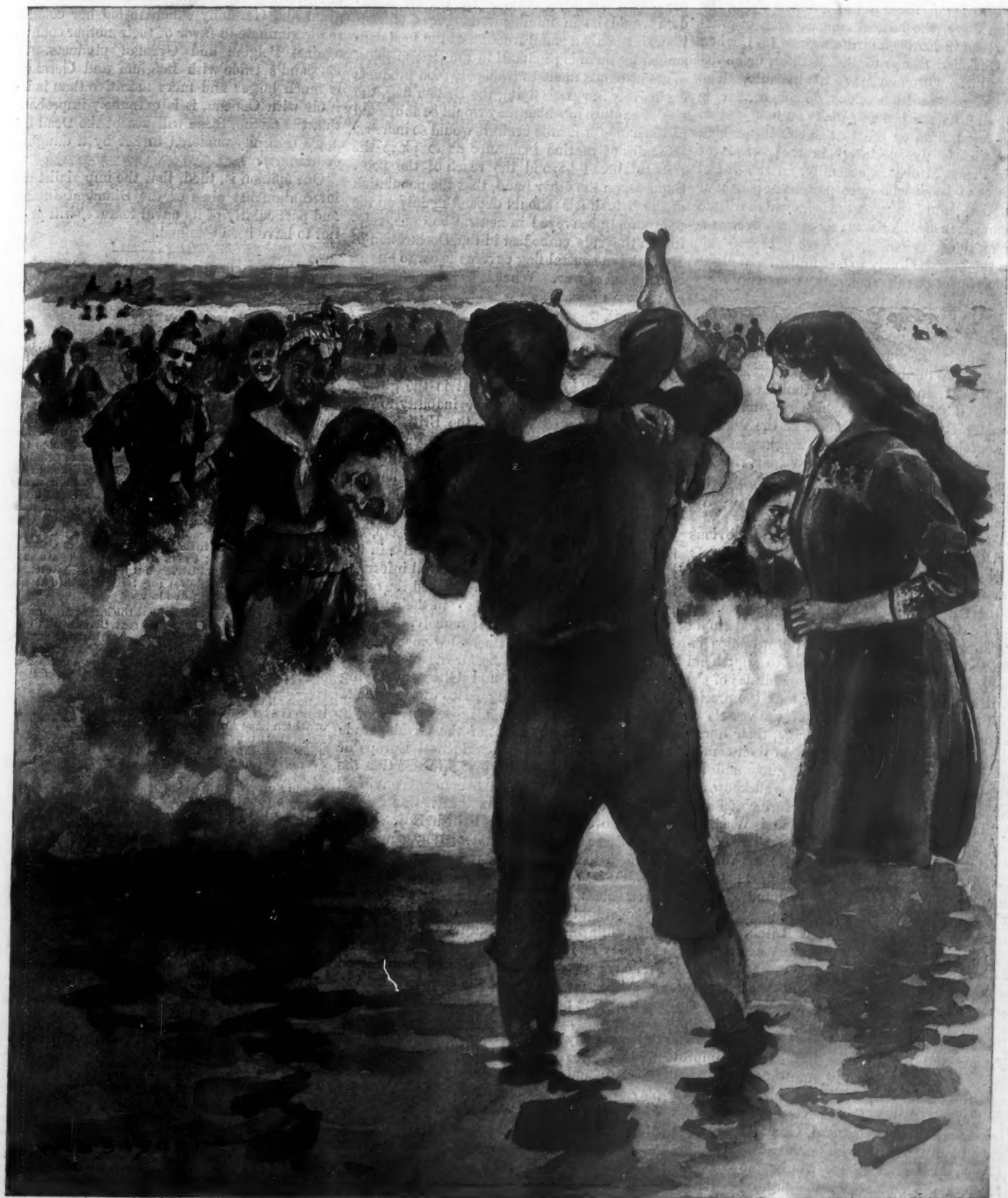
# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

Vol. XIX.—No. 14.  
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NEW YORK, JULY 8, 1897.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



OPENING OF THE BATHING SEASON.—THE FIRST DIP.

# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

521-547 West Thirteenth St., 518-524 West Fourteenth St.,  
NEW YORK CITY.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1897.

## WAS THE DIAMOND JUBILEE A POLITICAL FAILURE?

THE ceremonies and pageantry commemorative of the completion of the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's reign—a reign somewhat, though not greatly, longer than any other in English annals, and considerably shorter than that of Louis XIV.—culminated in the great naval review intended to make visible the might of Britain's power at sea. Ranged in five lines were no fewer than 165 war vessels flying the Union Jack, the largest congregation of warships seen in European waters since 1571, when the Christian States of the Mediterranean destroyed the Ottoman navy at Lepanto. The purpose of the tremendous demonstration is avowed to have been to make an ineffaceable impression, first, on the British colonies, which were vicariously spectators in the persons of their Prime Ministers, secondly, on the vassal Princes of India who were present in person or by deputy, and lastly, on the principal maritime powers, each of which was represented by a warship on the occasion.

Is the purpose likely to be fulfilled? Will the British self-governing colonies show themselves more willing, than they were before the Diamond Jubilee took place, to renounce a jot of their complete autonomy, and to draw tighter the bonds that connect them with the mother country? Will the vassal Princes of India be restrained from revolt by the prodigious proportions of the naval parade which they have witnessed? Has the ocular proof of the vastness of England's naval armament taught the chief maritime powers anything that they did not know before, and thereby exercised a measurable influence on future political and strategic combinations?

To answer the last question first, it is obvious that the men qualified to shape the statecraft of great nations are not so destitute of imagination that they need to see a thing with the eye of the flesh in order to credit its existence. It could only have been an ill-informed and stupid person who had to have over 150 warships assembled within his ken in order to apprehend the aggressive and defensive capabilities of the British navy. As a matter of fact, the precise condition and fighting value of the vessels at England's disposal, their tonnage, their horsepower, their speed, the thickness of their armor, the number and range of their guns, and the weight of their projectiles are as well known in the offices of the Ministers of Marine at Paris, Berlin, Rome, St. Petersburg, and Washington, as they are to the Admiralty. The figures relating to the British navy were set forth in the Admiralty Return of August, 1896, and they have since been conned a hundred times by everybody interested in the subject. Those figures showed that if Great Britain be compared with only two of her rivals—namely, France and Russia—she by no means possesses a preponderance in every feature of a naval armament. Of battleships, it is true, that she has 57 against 53 belonging to France and Russia; of protected cruisers she has 116, while France and Russia have but 42; her unprotected cruisers number 16, and those of France and Russia only 10; she has, finally, 93 torpedo destroyers, whereas France has none and Russia but 5. On the other hand, Great Britain has only 18 armored cruisers against 21 owned by Russia and France; she has but 15 coast-defense vessels against 30 belonging to her rivals; of torpedo vessels she has but 22, while her rivals have between them 30; and she has but 81 torpedo boats (above 100 feet in length),

whereas France and Russia between them have 165. This is, of course, a much better exhibit for England than was made in 1859, when a Parliamentary committee, appointed to inquire into the relative strength of the British and French navies, reported that the French then had available 63 ships of the line and frigates, while the British had but 55. Relatively reassuring as the present exhibit is, however, the returns prove that, were England engaged in war with Russia and France, her navy would be inadequate to the threefold task of protecting her widely scattered dependencies, of shielding her sea-borne commerce, and of defending Great Britain and Ireland against invasion. Even if not a single sea fight on a large scale should be ventured by her opponents, and the British warships should ride unchallenged over the ocean, the inhabitants of the United Kingdom would be in imminent danger of starvation, since only a small fraction of the food consumed by them is produced in the British Isles. Were attempts made to transport food products exclusively in vessels flying the British flag, the risk of capture to which they would be subjected at the hands of hostile cruisers would so increase the rates of marine insurance as to place the price of bread beyond the reach of the poor. Suppose, on the other hand, that the population of the British Isles should depend mainly on the food supply conveyed in neutral bottoms, relying on the rule embodied in the Declaration of Paris that a neutral flag covers the cargo except contraband of war. What is to prevent France and Russia from doing what the first Napoleon did; to wit, treating food as contraband of war? They would have nothing to lose by such an announcement, seeing that they are self-supporting; but England would be brought by it appallingly near to famine. That is the ghastly flaw in England's armor, her inability to feed herself with the products of the British Isles. It is a flaw that is widening and deepening with every year, and that cannot be remedied by any tightening of the ties between her and her colonies, because every maritime route connecting her with her outlying possessions would be, in time of war, infested with hostile cruisers, the inevitable result being an intolerable rise in the rates of her real insurance. All well informed and farseeing foreigners who watched the naval review at Portsmouth could see in their mind's eye the reverse of the picture; namely, the howling mobs of famished men and women that in war time would choke the streets of London, Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow, crying for bread and demanding peace at the price of revolution.

So much for the effect of the naval parade upon the visitors from Continental Europe or from the United States. Is it probable that the spectacle of the huge naval armament convinced the vassal Princes of India that it was vain to think of overthrowing the British Raj? Those Princes are inland potentates; they cannot be hurt or helped by navies; they know that their forefathers never possessed fleets, but that nevertheless they were able to rear and demolish mighty kingdoms; they are well aware that, while in the last century the war for ascendancy in India between the English and the French was, as Captain Mahan has shown, settled at sea; the war of the twentieth century for the same prize between England and Russia will be settled on land. They know that the Russian army is far more superior to England's military force than is the English navy to the Russian; and when they recalled the pitiful display of soldiers made in the procession to St. Paul's, so far as numbers were concerned, they may well have thought that England would do well to expend more of her resources on the sole arm that can avail her one day upon the plains of India.

There remain the colonials: Were they so thrilled at the sight of England's power upon the ocean as to feel disposed to surrender part

of their practical independence, to contribute a part of their earnings to the task of collective defense, and to submit to be governed to a certain extent from Westminster? What answers have been made by the colonial Prime Ministers now present in London to Mr. Chamberlain's overtures is as yet unknown; but this we may aver with confidence, that should any one of them make material concessions touching any of the three points just named, he will be repudiated by his constituents. It is true that the Canadian Parliament has lately undertaken to admit goods imported from Great Britain at duties somewhat lower than those imposed on similar commodities coming from other countries. The concession, however, is a hollow one, and was known to be such by those who made it; for Great Britain cannot avail herself of it without denouncing her treaties with Belgium and Germany which forbid her colonies to discriminate in favor of their mother country against Belgian and German products. As England's trade with Belgium and Germany is much larger and more lucrative than is her trade with Canada, it is extremely improbable that the mother State will accept the Dead Sea apple dutifully tendered to her by a daughter community.

Our opinion is, then, that the imperialist and internationalist aims of the Diamond Jubilee, and particularly of its naval feature, will prove not to have been attained.

## THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

BY JOHN HABBERTON,  
Author of "Helen's Babies," etc., etc.

CANADA'S Prime Minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, did a graceful and sensible act when he said at a banquet in London last week that Canada's greatest service to the British Empire could and would be in fostering the kindest feelings toward the United States; remove prejudices, and work for Anglo-American good-will. So long as the English people learn of the United States only through what is said of us by their own newspapers, there cannot be much good-will expected from the other side of the water. Canadians are peculiarly qualified to act as go-betweens, for Britons though they nominally are, and on good terms with their mother country, they are practically American and quite as independent as we; a royal Governor-General makes them no less so, for no representative of the Queen would dare to veto any act of the Canadian Parliament. One hears almost as little about the crown in Canada as in the United States; the mass of the people are so like us in their spirit, industries, purposes, tastes, etc., that they understand us thoroughly; the English at home know little or nothing about us.

Sir Wilfrid declared also that the latent sentiment of the American nation toward Great Britain was one of affection and reverence. This was putting it strongly, and intimated that the distinguished speaker had come by his opinion through conversation with a certain class of tourists that visits the Canadian capital, and with inhabitants of portions of our Northern border where almost all the people are of English descent. Elsewhere there is a large infusion of the blood of other races, some of which have a constitutional hatred of England. All Americans now living and who attended school here know that England is the only foreign armed foe we ever had. The more intelligent class knows the English to be as industrious, honest, able, advanced people as any in Europe and are glad of such ties as exist between the two countries; but they make a sharp distinction between the people and the government of Great Britain; toward the government their feeling, like that of all other civilized peoples, consists entirely of suspicion and distrust. When Canadians can show good reason why this sentiment should change there will be rejoicing throughout the world.

The failure of the great Debs' Socialistic Colonization Scheme is already reported. It appears that the persons offering themselves for membership have been so largely of the class that has no money at all that any large movement must be deferred until cash to pay transportation and other expenses can somehow be obtained. Honest poverty is no disgrace; probably a million industrious Americans would change their whereabouts if they could afford to do so, but the failure of the plan that was announced by Mr. Debs or in his name shows that what is called the socialistic spirit is not so much a principle as a protest of the dissatisfied. The distinction is well worth observing; were the mass of the so-called working class Socialists at heart, as they are said to be, there would be no lack of colonists able to pay their own way; in the large cities of the East they form the great majority of savings bank depositors.

It must be admitted that word-pictures of socialistic communities are extremely attractive to the weary and the imaginative as well as to the lazy. Few books are so popular as those that have described life and law in imaginary towns and nations of the future; readers lay them down with the conviction that if this be socialism, they would like to take part in it. A good test of the strength of this sentiment is to ask one's self whether he, if fairly prosperous, would intrust his future and that of his family to any set of Socialist agitators and



promoters of whom he ever heard. If he would not, he ought to be able to understand why thousands of railway men and mechanics, who may side with Mr. Debs in an election or a strike, manifest no inclination to abandon their present employment, take their families and savings to a far-away State, and place them under the control of men who have shown no qualifications as business or social managers.

A disagreement of the jury put an end to the trial of the officers of the American Tobacco Company, who were charged with conspiracy and violation of a section of the penal code which prohibits acts injurious to trade or commerce. The worst offense proved against them was that they did their utmost to control the market—an act which every large business concern attempts, whether the management consists of many persons or only one. There was no complaint of the goods being lowered in quality or raised in price, or that the number of workmen or the scale of wages had been reduced, and although the prosecution would have welcomed, as witnesses, any men from anywhere who had been injured by the company's dealings, the principal victims seem to have been two millionaire dealers who never themselves seemed disinclined to control the market when they saw opportunity to do so. Quite probably the indicted men are hard-fisted, grasping and money-loving, but the failure to convict them shows what uphill work there must be in any efforts to construe business plans as conspiracy.

## OUR NOTE-BOOK.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THE Summer Girl is a young person of whom New York may not claim to be the sole possessor, but certainly her local manifestations display a serenity and sweetness unencountered anywhere else. On the Riverside last Saturday she appeared in a multiplicity of witcheries such as even in dream I have never beheld. It was a real ballet on bikes, a series of dazzling convolutions in which she and her radiant sisterhood were coryphées and premières. A chap who was with me, an artist who has loitered in the four quarters of the planet and explored the world around, those haunts where Beauty congregates, muttered musingly, "Well, this does beat the Dutch." I should say so. And not only the Dutch, but the Austrians, the French and the English too. In no public resort in any city, anywhere, were there ever prettier girls on view. But they were worse than pretty. At the spectacles which the Knickerbocker Theater and the Casino have been providing there are battalions of fair young things. Only from some reason or another, from habit perhaps, they appear enigmatical, fantastic, produced for effect. But these sirens were real, palpable, sweet-and-twenty when they did not happen to be sweeter sixteen. It was health that painted their cheeks, and the shimmer of their skirts and the glint of their hose were artless, natural, unstudied and uncoached. It was not the New Woman they represented, but the Summer Girl on her bike and at her best, a transient vision of innocence, allurements, indifference and coquetry combined. Considered as local, if ephemeral, products, they are out of sight.

In a recent address to the Missouri Bankers' Association Professor James called attention to the fact that this country having arrived at a point where it can produce far more than it can consume, it is necessary for its prosperity to seek foreign markets and to compete with the commerce and trade of other lands. Now for any such competition to be successful business acumen on the part of business people is a prerequisite. For the past five years local trade has been no better than the law allows. What has induced this condition of affairs is a subject of constant discussion and general disagreement. It has been attributed to this, to that, to the other. Now, however, that throughout the country there are signs in plenty which indicate an approaching revival of anterior prosperity, it is important to prevent any recurrence of the stagnation through which we have passed and concerning the causes of which, while there is no unanimity of opinion, there is no doubt either that a better understanding of cause and effect would have prevented. The past is changeless. But it taught a lesson. Let that lesson be applied. To insure and preserve the prosperity now on its way our educational system needs overhauling. The advantages derivable from collegiate football and athletics are too manifest to be denied. But there should be something else. There should be a general provision for a fuller and more thorough business training. The idea has long been in successful practice in the University of Philadelphia, it is to be adopted in the University of Chicago and is under consideration in the California University as well. There are institutions which are up-to-date. Let the others follow suit. Too long have they been teaching things which are the easiest to forget and the most useless when remembered. It is high time they established departments in which commerce and industry can be taught and the principles of finance and economy acquired.

A Minneapolis man has been indicted for stealing a kiss. He does not deserve to be hanged, but he ought to be kicked. And he ought to do the kicking himself. A kiss is a thing which to be properly enjoyed should in the first place be invited and in the second returned. Reciprocity should be full, frequent and abundant. There should be no Dingley in the business, no schedule attachments, nothing but free trade entire and complete. In such circumstances and as a pastime kissing is one of the nicest indoor games ever invented. In a country house on a rainy day there is nothing like it. You begin right after luncheon and it is time to dress for dinner before you have had half enough. But it is curious how it pulls on you. The next afternoon, if you take a hand at it, it isn't the same thing at all. You find that it has to be diversified, that the setting has to be changed, or, better still, the partner. For true it is, and has been and will be, that the fun of kissing depends wholly on the other party. There are people who through natural aptitude know how to make a kiss so savory that repetition only heightens your

zeal. To them it is an art. But then, of course, now and again you do encounter extraordinary individuals, geniuses, mind-readers and telepathists. They are rare, however. To the many, kissing, when an art, is a lost one. Whence a dictum, sound, if French:

"On s'en lase.  
Puis un jour  
On s'en lase.  
C'est l'amour."

## LETTER FROM PARIS.

### FASCINATING FONTAINEBLEAU.

I NEVER could understand why people always look upon Fontainebleau as a suburb of Paris. Surely it is quite too far away to deserve that snubbing sort of term. One would not speak, for example, of New Rochelle or Manaroneck or Rye or Portchester as suburbs of New York, and they are all within twenty-five miles of the Waldorf, while Fontainebleau is thirty-five miles from Paris. The other afternoon I took the train there from the *Gare de Lyon* and spent a night at one of the prettiest hotels you can fancy, close to the world-renowned palace. Fontainebleau is a straggling, white, ugly town, and in winter she must be odious, while in midsummer I can imagine how blinding a glare must pervade her many streets, with their pale, prim rows of houses and their almost utter absence of trees. True, one can catch glimpses, through occasional gateways, of the most charming gardens, flowery and shaded. But outside she is nearly all a monotonous whitewashed blank. Brussels, I remember, used to make me think of a gay little town "playing at Paris." But Fontainebleau suggested a small Paris pierced with repentance, and *en retraite* for certain troublesome sins. And yet this very aspect of forbidding severity increases by future contrast the joys which she is fated to unfold. For example, the huge quadrangular palace, as you pass into its huge, stone-paved courtyard, discourages you by a flat, squat, rambling effect. But enter it, move from one to another of its seemingly numberless chambers, and the keenest artistic pleasures await you. I have seen many royal palaces, but none with such incessant variations of true historic splendor as that of Fontainebleau. Even the bad, droning, nasal, provincial French of my guide could not dull the poignancy of impressions constantly wrought. In the great suite of apartments once occupied by Napoleon I, you involuntarily looked for his actual presence, while near at hand, living and breathing as well, it seemed as if the unhappy Josephine must still abide. In the halls of Henri Quatre and of other sovereigns whose fame was less, the past became more assertive; you had a sense of how very long ago it was since all these lofty personages had perished. But the luxury they had left behind them—how it touched death with a new irony of pathos! The imperial ceilings, with their frescoes framed in massive garlands of gilding; the profusion of almost miraculous Gobelin tapestries; the monstrous fireplaces, at once lovely and august with every choicest embellishment of sculpture; the sumptuous couches and chairs and tables and cabinets; the lordly chandeliers and priceless candelabra—these, with many another splendid detail, made one long panoramic entertainment. Versailles is superb, but it is, after all, a picture gallery. Fontainebleau is simply the most palatial of all conceivable palaces. From its countless windows, too, and from its frequent old mossy marble balconies you can gaze down at lawns and terraces and lakes which rival, if they do not eclipse, those of Versailles.

The morning had been hot, but the afternoon deliciously freshened, and I spent it in a three-hours' drive through the adorable Fontainebleau forest. When one thinks that this emerald expanse covers sixty-five square miles, it can readily be realized that even a three-hours' drive cannot show you much of it. But it showed me a great deal. If all the centuries since 1200 A.D. are more or less represented in that ever-changing interior of the *chateau*, you feel that here, in this immense cloistral woodland, time has grandly ignored every phase and mood of human change. There were certain regions of the forest where the slenderness of its trees disappointed me. But France is not England, in an arboreal sense, and Fontainebleau is totally destitute of the peerless British oak. It is almost wholly composed of beeches, and though these are often slim as saplings, they are sometimes of noblest girth and height. The great French artist, Diaz, long ago familiarized me with this fairy wood, and his silver birch-trunks, flecked with blotches of deep-green moss, reigned real and stately before my vision, now, at every new bend of the road. How like old friends this great painter had long ago made for me these radiant sunbursts aloof among glossy leaves, and these tangles and jungles of big yet ethereal ferns!

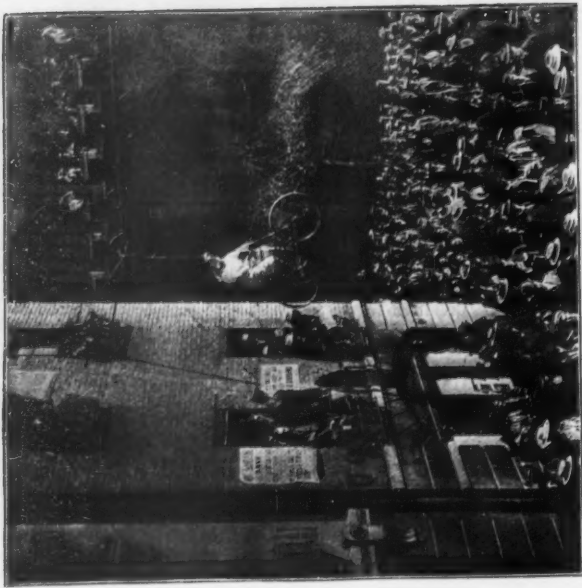
A curious thing happened at my hotel. It was very pretty, as I have said, but it was also very expensive, as I afterward learned. One had to pay, so to speak, for all the white and red roses climbing against the walls of the *rez de chaussée*, for all the umbrageous walks that wound between alleys of clipped shrubbery. I imagine that one also had to pay for the mellow and mature moon, then so entrancing, but which hereafter will always address my insulted recollections in terms of a stolen five-franc piece. Having dined, I went into the garden, and near me, separated by only a slim hedge of laurel-bushes, a great personage was seated at dessert, having been served with dinner below the lordly trees of the lawn. I chanced to know who the great personage was, for almost immediately on my arrival at the hotel, its proprietress had hastened to inform me of her presence there. Except myself, she and her "household" were the only other visible occupants. Afterward I could thoroughly appreciate the majesty of this fact; it so consorted with the cool enormity of my bill for a night and a day. The great personage and her lady-of-honor and her gentleman-in-waiting must surely have seen me seat myself within a stone-throw of their precious presence. If they did not see me I am sorry, for I had had not the vaguest intention of playing eavesdropper. I had on a "stove-pipe" hat, which the moonlight must rather mercilessly have silhouetted, and I was smoking a cigar whose flamy spark the dusk of the Romanesque garden must

have warningly accentuated. But the great personage and her two companions did not seem to mind my presence, and so I inevitably heard their converse, without really listening to it. A short time ago the proprietress of the hotel had gushingly informed me, in exquisite French, which contrasted ill with her ravaged countenance, that *la fille de la Reine d'Angleterre* was at present her guest. Hence I had slight doubt that the soft, keen, clear voice heard then, in the moonlight, below those affectionately embowering trees, was that of Beatrice, youngest daughter of Queen Victoria, generally known as the Princess Henry of Battenberg. She spoke, without restraint, of many things. I could not help hearing, and yet there was much of what she said that made me wonder why the top of my "stove-pipe" and the little planetary signal of my cigar did not restrain her from uttering it. What she really did say, and what her lady-of-honor and her gentleman-in-waiting replied, made me ask myself, however, if certain New York newspaper reporters might not have secured a good deal of "money" from the whole interview, so unintentionally overheard. Not a word of it would I dream of revealing, and yet it concerned, there in that shadowy hotel garden at Fontainebleau, matters which will ultimately be woven into the woof of historic memoirs, if not into that of history itself. One point I specially noted: Here were three English people who apparently concerned themselves with nothing except the doings of the most exalted earthly individuals. They gossiped, if you will, yet they gossiped of nothing but empresses and queens, of emperors and kings. Princess Henry had her disapprobations, and freely expressed them. But ordinary folk had no part in them whatever. It was all "The Prince of Wales," "The Princess of Wales," "The Queen of England," "the Emperor of Germany," "the Emperor of Russia," and so on, and so on. Her "gentleman" and her "lady" observed no conversational form of etiquette. They spoke as they pleased, without waiting to be first "addressed" by royalty. But I noticed that they thoroughly "agreed" with everything that the Princess said, and in the main, it struck me, everything that she said was extremely conservative while altogether sensible. Her two "courtiers," if that be the right name for them, interjected an occasional "ma'am" among their sentences. This is the usage of the English court. You speak to the Queen and her daughters with an incidental "ma'am," just as you throw a "sir," now and then, into all that you say to the Prince and the royal dukes. "Your majesty" and "Your royal highness" have long ago become obsolete modes of speech, except in the mouths of servants. And even from servants, I learn, the Prince insists upon merely "sir." The reign of the Georges and William Fourth brought "sir" and "ma'am" into fashion. Of course the latter word is intensely English in its "clipping," and makes one think of "Sinjon" for "St. John," of "Chumley" for "Cholmondeley," and of countless other like abbreviations.

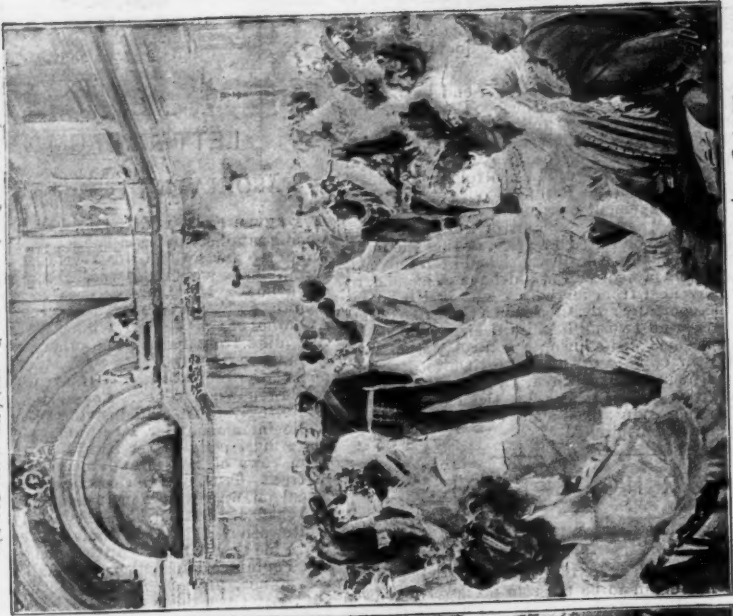
During my very brief stay at Fontainebleau the proprietress of the hotel (there was obviously no proprietor whatever) found occasion to tell me how very charming and lovable was Princess Henry. I caught one or two glimpses of her, and saw that she had grown somewhat stouter than when last portrayed in her photographs. She retains, however, the same distinctive visage of all her family—the prominent light-blue eyes, the narrowish forehead, the arched, assertive nose, and the rather fleshy chin. But her expression was extremely amiable. She looked at me as if she didn't at all think me the dregs of the earth because I failed to trace back as far as Egbert. And this, I concluded, was all the more complimentary, since she hadn't the remotest idea who I was. At this very expensive *Hotel a la Grande Ville de Lyon et de Londres* they never asked my name till I was on the verge of departing; and so, for all the high-born Beatrice knew, I might have been Duke of Omnium or Earl of Heaven-Knows-What. They used to say that this youngest daughter of Queen Victoria had a haughty air. But I fancied that I saw a shadow of sorrow in her face to which the mourning of her gear corresponded. Her marriage with Prince Henry of Battenberg was probably a love-match, since he is reported to have been one of the handsomest men in Europe. It may have been a misalliance for a Guelph, but surely not more so than the marriage of Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne, one of the Queen's subjects, or the marriage of Princess Louise of Wales to another of the Queen's subjects, an Earl of no specially high degree, and in the "banking business" at that. The premature death of Princess Henry's husband utterly effaced all odium connected with him as "that beggarly Battenberg"—a remark which the Prince of Wales is declared to have made but which he probably never made at all. I recall that when poor Prince Henry died so forlornly of fever far away from his wife and family, I was at Naples, in the society of several English people. It was curious and interesting to witness their prompt sorrow and sympathy. Years of devotion to the Queen had made Beatrice, her youngest daughter, popular with her country-folk. Afterward, in Rome, I heard a report that Victoria was to confer upon her the title of "Duchess of Kent"—one which the Queen's mother had borne, and which would of course have been made hereditary for the Princess Henry's eldest son and all future issue in the direct line. But this proved a false report. Such an act on the Queen's part would have been contrary to precedent; and precedent, in all these matters of English royal distinction, remains an imperious and imperative code. Besides, in this case, Beatrice, a younger daughter of the Queen, would take precedence over one sister, the Princess Christian, and over another, the Marchioness of Lorne. This would not by any means "do." Moreover, it would make her eldest son a very ponderously important person after her own death. "The Duke of Kent" would be a royal title like that of York, Clarence, Cumberland, Cambridge, Albany, etc., etc., and to support it worthily would require a great income. This, however, the Queen may leave to her youngest child. It is rumored that in the disposition of her immense possessions Beatrice will receive most distinctive "mention." But, then, on the other hand, who has the vaguest inkling with respect to Victoria's last will and testament? The solicitors who have drawn it up, of course; and these are pledged to the most inviolable secrecy.

EDGAR FAWCETT.





THE WOMEN'S DEGREE QUESTION AT CAMBRIDGE ENG.



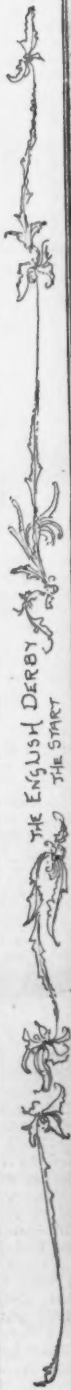
THE STATE BALL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE



YEASQUES (SECOND)

AND THE CHURCHES WANT TO BE IN THE TOWN

SALTEE MORE THE WINNER



THE ENGLISH DERBY

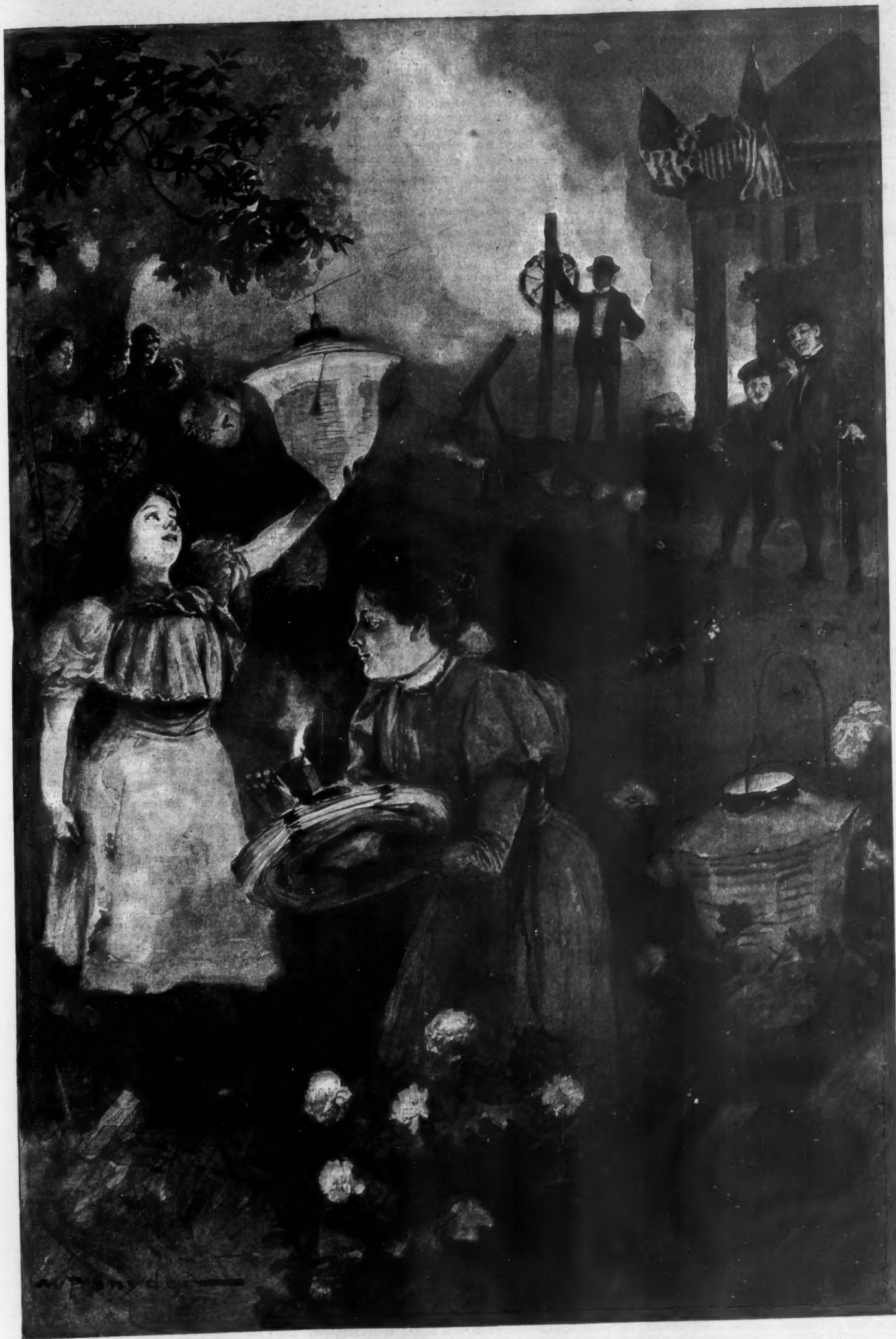
THE START



QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE: VIEW OF THE ROUTE OF THE PROCESSION.

SOME FOREIGN PICTURES OF INTEREST.





OUR GLORIOUS FOURTH.



# THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE QUEEN,

WRITTEN BY A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.**—Now that the Victorian Diamond Jubilee has passed into history, comment is rife in many quarters as to its significance, its inner and more intimate meaning, and the exact relation of the Queen to the event. It will be an agreeable change to turn from these discussions to the quiet, homelike scenes of Victoria's private life. The series begins in this number and will be completed in four issues.

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## THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE QUEEN.

BY A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

### A WORD TO THE READER.

**M**Y INTENTION is merely to paint a family portrait of a dear old lady who, were she the chataine of a country house, or the schoolmistress of a primitive village, would be admired and beloved by her neighbors in the parish for her wisdom and good works, and by her family and servants as a good mother and mistress. It would be easier, and to some more attractive, to paint a historical and heroic picture in bright colors, and so dazzle the eyes of the spectators with fine clothes, gorgeous heralds, and men in shining armor that they would forget the importance of the central figure and the incompetency of the painter in the brilliancy of the surrounding subjects.

Though I may fail, it may be well to submit the outline sketch of my intent for your approval before I set about stippling in the lights and shadows, the details and colors which may, for all I can tell, destroy the likeness when they are filled in. Briefly, then, my method is that of the old masters of the Dutch school, as is best suited to a domestic subject. The central figure will be that of a sweet old lady, clad in homely, sober garments, as becomes a good housewife intent upon the affairs of her household, and I trust to portray by my modeling of features and by the gentle blending of pigments rather than by my lettering on the frame, the age, social position, sorrows, and joys into which she was born, as are the humblest of her servitors. Following the method of masters of the Dutch school, the background will be somewhat allegorical. The walls and furniture will faithfully reproduce the patterns familiar to her in her own private rooms, the pictures will be those which she has gathered round her as mementos in her privacy of all she holds worthy in the past and present, and the accessories will be exact replicas of those of which she makes daily use.

As in a Dutch picture, the table will be spread, and upon it will be laid the plate and napkin she uses, the food and fruit of which she partakes, while the liquors she drinks will be faithfully displayed in the bottles and glasses which mark her tastes. In the bookcase will be the books she reads, in the fireplace the fuel she burns, on the floor the carpet upon which she treads, on the writing-table will lie her daily correspondence, and through the windows may be seen her favorite walks and drives, her horses and her dogs.

The method is not mine, and therefore needs no apology. Whatever the attainment, the object at least is a noble one, inspired by a desire born of sincere admiration, to pay in some way the tribute of a humble servitor to his royal mistress. History, we know, is not best written by contemporaries, but intimate personal details, if left unrecorded, are forgotten when they are most needed by the future historian, who would give his right hand to possess the lost sonnets of Michelangelo, Dante's picture of Beatrice as an angel, the housekeeping book of Queen Anne, or the most foolish love letters of Queen Elizabeth.

I leave to others to depict the incidents in a reign as grand in war, as glorious in peace, and as golden in art, literature, and science as that of either of her Majesty's predecessors, Queen Elizabeth or Queen Anne. My concern is merely with the petty personal details of the greatest woman of her time, who, when as a small child of twelve she first heard of her proximity to the throne, merely held out her little hand, and said, "I will be good!"

All political parties must agree that never was such a propitious promise more promptly given or more royally kept by a young girl who became her own mistress at eighteen, and has lived through so many years of State anxieties and personal tribulations.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A PERSONAL INTRODUCTION.

If you stand in the Long Walk facing Windsor Castle and look to the extreme right you will see on the first floor of the Victoria Tower one large oriel window. That is the principal window of the Queen's private sitting-room. If you look a little farther to the right you will see on the same level a smaller window, which is that of her Majesty's dressing-room. If you stand at the extreme south corner of the East Terrace and face the Castle you will see two windows on the first floor of the Victoria Tower. The one on your left you will guess rightly to be the second window of the Queen's dressing-room. The one on the right, and a small window round the corner, facing due north, are those of her Majesty's bedroom. No amount of interest or bribery is ever likely to get you a nearer view of this suite. It is of all parts of the Castle the one sacred spot to which nothing but the Queen's personal "command" will gain you an entrance, and even then probably no further than the private audience chamber, which is not one of the rooms which I have enumerated as being in the private occupation of her Majesty.

But if you will follow me in the spirit I will try to give you some knowledge of the immediate surroundings of the Queen in her home at Windsor, which you

may take to be typical of her other abodes. At the far end of the quadrangle, in the southeastern corner, the line of architecture is broken by the inner side of the Victoria Tower, which from machicolated battlements to base overhangs the sidewalk, and forms a portico beneath which the sovereign, hidden even from the eyes of her own domestics, ascends to, or descends from, her carriage. Up two shallow steps and through heavy oaken doors paneled in glass lies the outer hall. It is small and octagonal in shape. The ribs of the gothic roof are lightly touched with gold, but the prevailing tint is a creamy white. The inner doors, which are again of oak, lined with gold and pierced with glass panels, are flanked on either side by a fireplace set in deep embrasures. A huge gray marble vase, supported by bronzed Cupids, and wreathed with flowers in lacquered bronze, stands on either mantel-piece. Three steps lead to the inner hall, from where starts the Queen's private lift, a well-arranged apartment in oak, gold, and crimson upholstery. Beneath the light of an Empire lantern in ormolu and beveled glass springs the staircase, which divides at the head of the first flight. Its white and gold balustrade of gothic design, its crimson velvet handrail and soft pile carpet, leads straight to the Queen's private apartments, which are officially numbered as in the following rough sketch:

To right and left of the large double doors, which give access to the Queen's private apartments, are two large pictures, the "Betrothal of Prince Henry of Prussia" and "The Jubilee Service at Westminster Abbey"; excellent portraits of the Earl of Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury, and a statue of Edward VI. under a handsome gothic canopy of white stone.

Before coming to all the treasures contained in her Majesty's sitting-room, dressing-room, and bedroom, it may be well in passing to look into her private audience chamber, where she has received all the great men and women of the world, and the walls of which, if they have ears, have listened to many wise words and secrets more sacred than were ever uttered in the most closely tiled Masonic Lodge. The apartment is not a very large one, though its slightly domed ceiling is lofty. The furniture and hangings are not very remarkable; though sufficiently rich and appropriate for a queen's reception-room. Yet the first glance round the chamber must convince the most ignorant that it contains within its four walls treasures that are almost priceless in their rarity and beauty. The double doors are of golden satin-wood, inlaid with the finest marqueterie, and ornamented by large handles and finger plates of beautifully worked gilt bronze. The wall space is horizontally divided into four, of which the lower division or dado is of the exquisite marqueterie, and the frieze or upper part is most elegantly and lightly decorated with the insignia and figure of St. George.

Directly beneath this graceful frieze hangs a line of masterpieces from the brush of Gainsborough, that for historical interest and rare artistic merit may well be deemed beyond all value. They are fifteen in number, and are portraits of George III., Queen Charlotte, and their numerous family of sons and daughters. Each portrays the head and bust of the royal sitter, and each is set in an oval mount within a handsome square gold frame. No one in the world but the Queen can see in so small a space so complete and noble a collection of one generation of ancestors. For many years these fifteen Gainsboroughs held undisputed pictorial possession of the walls of her Majesty's private audience chamber. But since the Queen has ceased to spend any appreciable portion of the year at Buckingham Palace, Winterhalter's charming studies of her nine children have been brought from there and hung under their powdered and patched forebears. These nine portraits are in circular frames, and show the little princes and princesses as really beautiful children, with lovely complexions, and a profusion of curling hair. The Princess Royal (the Empress Frederick of Germany) and the Prince of Wales have the handsomest of the sweet cherub faces; but the little Princess Alice wears a very lovable expression, while Prince Leopold's delicate features betray the fact of his constitutional delicacy.

Directly beneath these most interesting family portraits are a closely set line of glass-fronted cases, set panelwise into the walls. They contain an extraordinary collection—miniatures, medals, enamels, medallions, and cameos—which is considered the finest of its kind in the world. Almost every face known to fame is to be found in this great collection of rarities, while every form of setting in jewels or chased metal-work has been employed as surroundings for these treasures. This most extraordinary mural collection is crowned by two very massive glass-topped show-tables, which stand on richly gilt legs on either side of the big double doors, and contain the very valuable collection of unset gems, historical relics, carved stones, and various curios known as the "Royal Gems."

An inspection of such truly magnificent treasures during the moments of waiting for an audience rather discounts to a connoisseur's eye the furniture of the apartment. Round the walls are placed several huge couches, all very comfortable, and all covered with the same rich silk damask that goes to drape the windows. Before each couch stands a table of satinwood, highly polished, and very ornate with regard to its supports. Writing materials are laid on each, for as often as not a private audience with the Queen results in a great deal of State business being transacted in an informal way. From the center of the ceiling hangs a fine chandelier of cut crystal, and beneath it stands a large table inlaid with delicately colored marbles. The only ornaments

on it are a white marble bust of the Prince Consort and a quaint flower vase round which a snake is entwined.

The high mantel-piece, like all those in the Castle, is of the purest white marble, carved in a very airy design, and supported by noble figures in high relief. It is surmounted by a mirror and a sufficiently handsome clock and vases of marble and ormolu. At the right-hand corner of the mantel-shelf stands a little thermometer in white ivory, of a plain obelisk shape. Such a thermometer stands on the mantel-piece of every room in each of her Majesty's residences. Except under the most baffling climatic conditions, these thermometers are never supposed to vary, and it is a most delightful characteristic of the royal palaces that rooms and staircases, halls and corridors, are always at an identical temperature.

Here among the pictures of illustrious ancestors and well-beloved children, surrounded by evidences of wealth and taste, is the most appropriate place to meet the Queen and Empress. The moments of your waiting are shortened by the entrance and intelligent chat of a maid-of-honor, whose task it is during her period of "waiting" to act at private audiences as a pioneer to her sovereign. Otherwise you have time for reflection.

If you are of middle age and your parents are alive they may have told you that they once saw a slim and exceedingly pretty young girl in a black habit, accompanied by a number of ladies and gentlemen, cantering under the green leaves in the springtime, along the tan ride of Birdcage Walk. Such a pretty picture of "an English girl on an English horse under an English tree," which was a great Frenchman's ideal, may have remained with you, and therefore you may be momentarily surprised as the door opens and a little old lady, to whom the art of being a grandmother has come gracefully, makes her appearance. It is a popular delusion, put into circulation by the society press, that the Queen has almost entirely lost the use of her legs. This is very far from true; but for some years—more especially since her accident—the Queen has chosen to facilitate her movements by the employment of a wheel chair in the passages and when suffering from acute rheumatism. You must, therefore, be prepared to see her Majesty enter either leaning on one side on a stick and with the other arm given to her Indian secretary, or slowly propelled into the room in an amply cushioned wheel chair. In the latter case an Indian attendant, majestic and picturesque, will be standing behind her and the lady-in-waiting, and, perhaps, a maid-of-honor. If the audience is likely to be of a business nature, the private secretary is in attendance. If it is of a purely friendly nature, the secretary and Indian attendant are dispensed with, and only the lady-in-waiting remains.

Those who expect great pomp and circumstance of attire at a private audience will be disappointed. The Queen is simply clad in a black stuff gown of easy fit and very unpretentious make, and her silver hair is smoothed away under a severely plain white cap, having small lappets at the back. As her Majesty extends her hand to you to kiss, if you have an artist's eye and a sensitive touch you will perceive that it is exquisitely white, soft, and dimpled, and perfectly molded. In the plain gold circle and the memorial hair and gold rings which alone grace her fingers, you will read all the homely romance of a happy wife, a fond mother, and a sorrowful but resigned widowhood, which are the greatest attributes of a good woman.

There is a story told of a young and newly appointed equerry who, in going round the stables one day, came across a simple old lady in a mushroom hat and a countrified black gown. Filled with the importance of his new dignity, the zealous official shouted across the intervening stalls: "My good woman, you must get out of this! Strangers are not allowed here, especially when her Majesty is in residence." He finished up his remarks by threatening to take her to the gate himself if she were not quick in going. His feelings on discovering that the shabbily dressed intruder was his royal mistress in person may be better imagined than described; but the queen, with delightful good-humor, forgave him and at the same time complimented him on his zeal and obedience to standing orders. The story, which is true, is eminently characteristic of her Majesty, for she carries her love of extreme simplicity almost too far. Among her immediate attendants she much dislikes being addressed as "Your Majesty," always insisting on the old-fashioned and homely "Ma'am."

If you are a student of photographs or portraits of the Queen, you will have great difficulty in recognizing her in conversation. All I have ever seen are very far from doing her justice, for not only does she not photograph well, but her face in repose is very different from when she commences to talk. The kind, sad eyes light up, the nostrils distend, the cheeks glow, the curves of the mouth turn up in smiles and display a very pretty and complete set of teeth in one so old, and the voice, instead of being husky as might be expected, is singularly soft, and retains much of that pretty singing voice which the great Lablache cultivated and Mendelssohn praised so highly in a private letter to his mother.

The Queen is a singularly good talker. Not only is she well read in history, biography, and fiction, and speaks five languages fluently—besides being a very fair Latin and Hindostani scholar—but there is scarcely a picture or an artist of any note in the world of whom and whose works she is not intimately familiar, and she possesses an appreciative and practical acquaintance with the works of all the great composers. There is no music or musician too up-to-date to inspire her Majesty with the curiosity of a student. She is gifted with a



marvelous memory, which she has cultivated and preserved most carefully, not only for faces and facts, but for all the little interesting characteristics which are the salt of good table talk. Above all, she is a sympathetic and eager listener, and so inspires a person whom she desires to talk with encouragement that she quickly banishes all restraint and diffidence, and succeeds in drawing her visitor out into positive eloquence on the subject in which she is interested, always herself showing just enough knowledge of the matter under discussion to banish all idea that the listener is merely pretending to be interested in a matter of which she only has a superficial knowledge. Besides this she has a very pretty wit of her own, and an enormous appreciation of any fun, being far from blasé. She is the first to suggest and applaud anything which would give pleasure in ordinary good society.

There is nothing to be gained by misrepresentation, and therefore there is nothing ungracious in saying plainly that the Queen is very short; but this is only a first impression, for her manners and bearing in some unaccountable way her height. Indeed there is much about her that is singularly irreconcilable, for though she has almost every female foible which a well-bred lady might in truth and without detriment be said to possess, she leaves a distinct impression upon those who have an opportunity of studying her that she is something more than a merely good, kind old lady. After being with her one is inclined to call her a genius without being quite able to fix upon any particular quality in which to say lies her especial talent; unless, indeed, as I am loth to do, I accept Carlyle's definition of genius as "a capacity for hard work." This capacity her Majesty possesses to a very large extent, but there is something more than this, and my only hope to defeat my incapacity to define it lies in the possibility that it bit by bit as I go along recounting the details of her private life from day to day and year to year, the same impression will take possession of the reader who peruses it in connection with the events of her glorious reign which are known to all students of history.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE SUITE AT WINDSOR.

The Queen's private apartments at Windsor are so intimately connected with her life, and are so characteristic of the passing events that have influenced her, that they lay a natural claim to a full description before her homelike rooms at Osborne, or her extremely simple surroundings at Balmoral.

From outside the reader already knows the angle of the Castle that the Queen's private suite occupies. Approaching it from within, the first door opened is the massive portal of oak picked out with gold and paneled in the gothic style which prevails in so much of the restored woodwork at the Castle. It gives direct entrance to the Queen's sitting-room, which faces south. The first impression caught on entering is one of subdued richness and unostentatious comfort. The apartment is almost square in shape and of great height. It commands from the wide oriel window a fine view of the South Terrace, the Long Walk, the Home Park, and the Great Park. Nearly opposite the window is the mantel-piece, which is of white marble and of grand proportions. It is relieved with ormolu, a casqued head being supported on either side by winged mythological figures and conventional wreaths. The relief to the uprights are Greek vases, supported by tripods, and surmounted by beautifully modeled eagles. The fender is a low one of brass wire, and the fireirons are placed in small upright stands on either side of the grate, in which is burned nothing but beech logs, for though tons of coal are annually consumed in the Castle, the beautiful steel and ormolu grates of the State rooms and the private apartments never contain other than beech wood fires, as the Queen has the same rooted objection to coals as to gas.

Above the mantel-piece is a mirror set in a cream and gold frame that matches the paneling of the room. The clock, of Empire shape, is flanked by a priceless pair of covered vases, two bronze military statuettes, and couple of fine candelabra. Before the fireplace are a threefold screen and a long couch covered with luxurious cushions. Before this is placed a table over which is flung an embroidered tablecloth; it is generally littered with piles of photographs or laden with the illustrated catalogues of royal possessions which are so extraordinary a feature of the Queen's household, and which merit a full description in another place. Directly behind the sofa stands an enormous round table, of beautiful inlay, which is, however, almost completely hidden by the fascinating confusion of books, photo-frames, and *bibels* of all kinds, notable among which is a very charming equestrian statuette of the Queen, modeled when she was little more than a bride.

Recalling the stiff primness which characterized the apartments of the later Georgian era, and the singular degree of discomfort that marked the furniture and decorations of the thirties, it is strange to note the lavish crowding of pretty things, and the orderly confusion of beautiful bric-a-brac that makes such a picturesque effect in the Queen's rooms. Even the grand piano, a very handsome instrument, which stands beyond the round table, and close to one of the many doors, is not sacred from the crowd of *objets d'art* and dainty trifles that her Majesty so loves to have about her. The high-backed comfortable chair before the keyboard is a comparative innovation, for the Queen is essentially conservative in details, and the princesses had much difficulty in depositing the uncomfortable "screw" music-stool from its time-honored position. At the end of the piano, and tucked away in a convenient corner, stands the *étagère* containing the bound musical works which her Majesty loves so well and which are in frequent request during the short time that elapses between her Majesty's dinner and the hour for retiring. On right and left of the fireplace are two large cabinets which are crowded with china, statuettes, models of favorite animals, flowers, and photographs. Here I may remark that much as the Queen appreciates photographs, her most treasured mementos of old friends and dumb pets always take the form of models. In clear Parian china, marble of all kinds, bronze, silver, or gold, small busts, statuettes, and models abound in profusion on all sides.

Well-stuffed couches surround the room at frequent intervals, before them standing massive tables, each bearing its complement of books and portfolios.

Standing at an angle so that the light from the window falls well across it is her Majesty's writing-table, surely the most sacred and the most interesting piece of furniture in the whole suite. At the first glance it appears but a forest of framed photographs and miniatures of the Prince Consort and the Queen's family and friends. The blotter and writing-pad, the silver ink-stand, fashioned like a boat, which four boys—two being winged and two being ordinary little mortals—are pushing across a rough beach; the chased gold pen-trays, the dainty cock's-head penwiper of solid gold, with a red cloth comb at the top of his head, and the quill pens which the Queen always uses, are not so easy to discover.

Before an array of framed familiar faces and writing materials stands her Majesty's capacious writing-chair, with a narrow cushion across the back and a footstool beneath it, and on the floor at her right hand the dainty silk-lined waste-paper basket, the daily contents of which would be more interesting than a year's file of the "Times." At the right hand of the writing-table proper is a table in *étagères* of bamboo and lacquer, which holds the stationery-case, letter-baskets, and other paraphernalia necessary to an enormous correspondence. Another small table holds all the best published books of reference for the current year, which are uniformly bound in red morocco and stamped with her Majesty's cipher in gold.

Among the other occasional pieces of furniture is a small octagon table, which stands in front of the cabinet on the right of the fireplace, and has no other apparent use but to bear a small gold handbell, which summons her Majesty's immediate attendants, while another is used by her Majesty when in her rare moments of leisure she plays a game of "Patience."

The suite is entirely lighted by huge chandeliers—wax candles alone being used by her Majesty.

It is in the aspect of this small suite (for no one can fairly say that Great Britain's queen and India's empress is overlodged in the four rooms dedicated to her personal use) that is to be found the keynote to the Queen's whole life. Here hang the pictures that recall memories and friendships, or something even dearer. A pile of music lies here, an orderly litter of photographs and miniatures is there, a small square book-stand holds half a dozen volumes that are in course of being read, while everything is dominated by bowls and baskets of flowers.

The Queen's private sitting-room might well belong to any one of her wealthier subjects who might possess a simple taste in furniture and decorations, a large collection of pictures and sketches, and a full circle of relations and friends. The general scheme of color is crimson and cream and gold. Heavy damask draperies frame the windows, the lower panes of which are veiled with short curtains of snowy muslin. The blinds are of a dainty material called diaphane, in which are woven in a transparent pattern the insignia and motto of the Garter. The furniture is principally upholstered in the same flowered crimson and gold damask that drapes the windows. The walls are paneled in the same silk, and here the constant recurrence of the pattern (a conventional bouquet of flowers) would become monotonous were it not for the number of pictures of every description which cover the walls from within a short distance of the ceiling of deep cream and gold to within four feet of the rich crimson carpet, which is patterned with a delicate tracery of scrolls and garlands in pale yellow. The many doors are painted cream color and decorated with floral panels and gold moldings.

This scheme of paint prevails throughout the suite, the dressing and bedrooms only differing from the sitting-room in that the walls of the former are paneled in a soft shade of green silk, while the latter are papered with rich crimson flock. The most striking feature of the Queen's private rooms are, to a casual observer, the pictures. In the eyes of their owner each separate one has a history or recalls a reminiscence. Chief among the portraits and landscapes, the oils, water-colors, and crayons are the many likenesses of the Prince Consort. The best of these, which hangs in the sitting-room, opposite the fireplace, is a life-size, full-length picture, by Winterhalter, of the Prince, attired in black walking costume and holding the top hat of modern times in his hand. But a most charming Landseer that hangs above the cabinet on the left of the fireplace also shows the Prince to great advantage. He is in shooting costume, and the fruits, in fur and feather, of his day's sport lie heaped at his feet. The baby princess royal, his favorite greyhound Eos, and a Skye terrier are playing on the floor, while her Majesty, in a plain gown of white satin, and with her slender girlish shoulders bare, stands at her husband's side. The picture, which was painted in the bay of the Green Drawing-room, has for the distant background a fine view of the East Terrace and the park beyond, and is replete with grace and tenderness.

A delightful little picture in an old-fashioned gilt frame of carved wood shows the Prince Consort and the Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, in velvet doublets, slashed with white satin, and wearing the collar and order of St. George. Close by hangs another portrait of Prince Albert in Stuart costume, the accompanying figure being a most dainty portrait of the Queen dressed for the great fancy ball of Charles II. period, which was given at Buckingham Palace on June 13, 1851. It is a singularly pretty likeness of the Queen. The Duke of Connaught appears twice in fancy dress, when quite a tiny boy of three. In one picture he wears the full panoply of an officer in the Scots Fusilier Guards; in another he is attired as bluff King Hal. Princess Helena (aged three) is represented in full Highland costume, and Prince Alfred wearing his first middy's uniform. There is also a charming picture of Princess Beatrice when ten months old. She wears a lovely white lace frock, and is lying on a white satin cushion. In the Queen's bedroom hang two portraits of Prince Albert and his brother in their youth. Near them is a fine portrait of the Duchess of Kent, and also a pictorial recollection of her room, and the sofa on which she died at Frogmore in 1861, in the presence of the Queen, the Prince Consort, and Princess Alice. A sketch of the Queen garbed as a nun, standing with clasped hands in the presence of a vision of Prince Albert, is from the

brush of the late Princess Alice. In the Wardrobe Room hang portraits of favorite gillies and pipers, among them being good likenesses of John Brown and Ross, Clark and Campbell.

Among other pictures to be found on the walls of the Queen's rooms are four different portraits of the Queen of the Belgians in as many different costumes, and many likenesses of cousins and relatives too numerous to specify.

Two portraits of Baron Stockmar, most stanch of friends and sympathetic of advisers, are interesting. They show him as a kindly old gentleman with a shrewd face. A charming portrait of the Prince of Wales, when a child, is drawn by "The Queen and Sir Edward Landseer." Other portraits, many of them being in tinted crayons, are Princess Mary of Cambridge (now the Duchess of Teck), a little girl all golden curls and ribbons; the great Duke of Wellington; a most quaint study of the Princess Royal when a baby, by the Prince Consort; and a lovely head of the handsome Marchioness of Douro.

Of sketches of Balmoral, Rosenau (Prince Albert's birthplace), Osborne, and the favorite apartments of the Queen at her different residences, there are many more. It is perhaps worthy of remark that among the two hundred and thirty-one pictures that adorn the Queen's private rooms, are Princesses-in-law, her sons-in-law, and her grandchildren find no place, although photographs and miniatures of them abound on every side.

The mantel-pieces and occasional tables in the Queen's dressing-room are as charmingly arranged and beflowered as those in the sitting-room. Here the green silk walls and hangings make a perfect background for the toilet accessories that cover the dressing-table. These are all of gold, worked and chased into most delicate designs. The mirror is set in a square-cornered frame that rises at the top into an oval. Before it lies a large gold tray, flanked by four scent-bottles of carved crystal. Two of these are set in gold filigree stands of a shallow boat-shape. The pin cushion is dark blue velvet, fitted within a gold-pierced edge. Of gold boxes there are about a dozen, and they are of every size and shape, ranging from the large square handkerchief-box to the small nutlike patch-box. A pair of candlesticks, two large oval hair-brushes without handles, and a handbell complete the equipage. From the dressing-room floor rises some feet high the magnificently elaborate gold stand which supports a lamp and "dressing-kettle" of the same precious metal.

The solid gold hand-basin, on the bottom of which are engraved the royal arms, has a romantic story attached to it. It was made especially for the Queen's use at her coronation, but after that event, "as strange things will, it vanished," and every effort to discover it completely failed. After twenty-seven years, however, when some structural alterations were being executed in St. James's Palace a workman found, bricked in a hollow wall, the long-lost gold hand-basin. Since that time the Queen has always made a point of using it. As her Majesty does not possess a golden ewer, a china one, that matches the rest of the washstand fittings, is used. Her Majesty has, for some reason, persistently refused to have a golden ewer made.

The Queen's bed is large and of wood, as are all of the beds at Windsor, the hangings being of fine crimson damask. It is most pathetic to note that above the right side of the bed there hangs against the rich silken background a portrait of the late Prince Consort, surmounted by a wreath of immortelles. The same sad memorials are in every bedroom that the Queen ever occupies.

The view from the windows of the Queen's bed and dressing-rooms is absolutely perfect, embracing as it does the incomparable East Terrace, with the tennis courts beyond, and in the distance Frogmore and the Great Park.

Perhaps the least noticeable, but quite the most charming and interesting sketch, is of a girl's small white dimpled hand, without the ring, evidently a princess's hand, of which our greatest poet has said:

"Princess-like it wears the ring  
To fancy's eye, by which we know  
That here at length a master found  
His match, a proud, lone soul its mate,  
As soaring genius sank to ground  
And pencil could not emulate  
The beauty in this—how, how fine,  
To fear almost—of the limit line."

Who would think such waxen and such shapely and such sensitive fingers could sway the mightiest scepter in the world for over half a century? It is a study of the Queen's hand, made when she was quite a girl by Sir David Wilkie for his picture of the Queen's first Council.

It is within the walls of these retired rooms that the Queen has sorrowed and joyed. Life and death have come to her, and power and patience have been granted her with which to rule her world-wide empire.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE QUEEN'S RELIGION AND HER SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

On the memorable morning of June 20, 1837, when the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley), and the Lord Chamberlain, the Marquis of Conyngham, toil-worn and dust-traveled with their night ride from Windsor, beat at the doors of Kensington Palace—as the present writer has often heard the late Marquis describe—at five o'clock, and announced to the awakened girl of eighteen that she was the Queen of England, she kissed the extended hands of the kneeling messengers and fell on her knees between them, saying: "I ask your prayers on my behalf."

This would have been an extraordinary sentiment in any ordinary little lady, but it came naturally from one who, we hear from her preceptor, Bishop Davis of Peterborough, had had the Bible read to her every day, and the anecdote is typical of the Queen's entire life, for those who know her well would be only too ready to admit that she is a deeply religious woman, who in all temptations and trials, tribulations and triumphs, has put her faith in God's grace, and who marks all acts of her private and public life by a prayerful appeal, and has brought up her children in the love and fear of God.

Nor is her Majesty by any means intolerant, as too





COACH COURTNEY



YALE FRESHMEN



CORNELL'S THREE CREWS

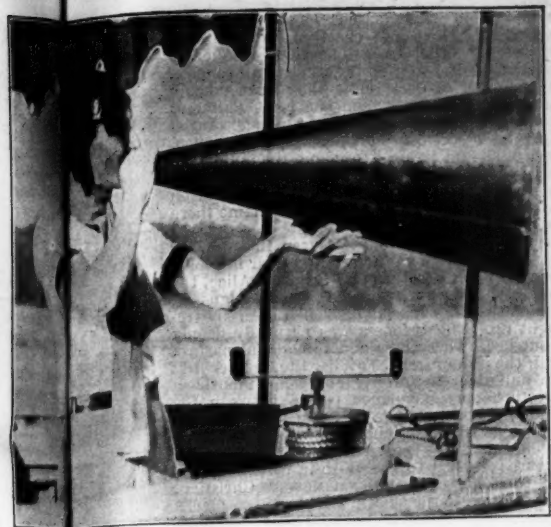


CORNELL BOYS CELEBRATING

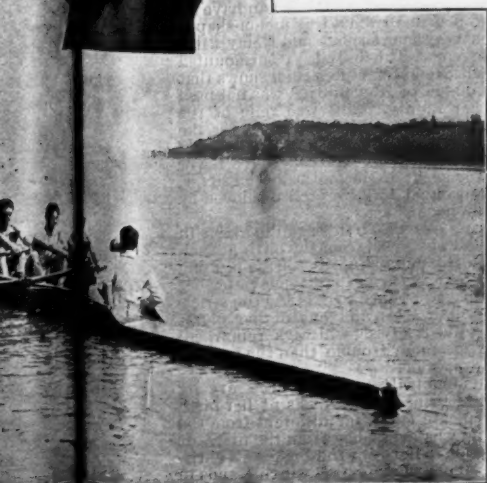
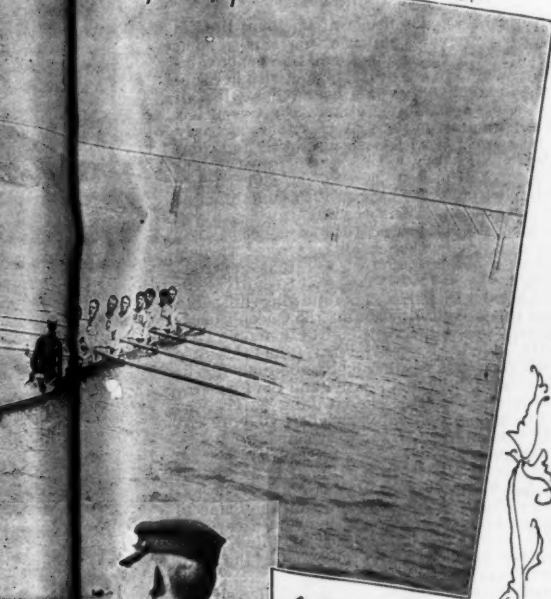


HARVARD VARSITY





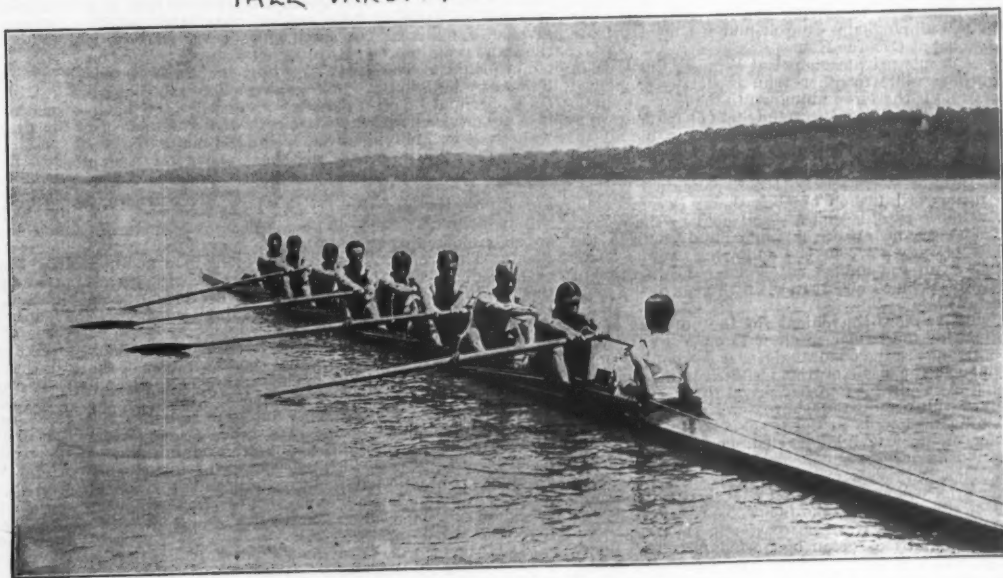
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many are—nor could any one accuse her with truth of fanaticism. Neither has the Queen ever permitted religion and the strict observance of religious forms to turn her sympathies from the natural inclinations of humanity and the duties of her state in life. Indeed, humanity may be said to be her strongest characteristic, for there is none of her subjects who has a more keen appreciation of fun and the affairs of the world generally than her Majesty.

It is not, however, the more worldly side of her Majesty's life with which I am at present concerned. Whatever may follow depicting the other six days of the Queen's working week, my mission is now with the first day of the week and its observance.

Sunday is with her Majesty, in the best sense of the phrase, a day of rest. On Sunday she never transacts business of any kind nor allows her servants, whether they be ministers or maids, to execute other than the most necessary duties. I have used the expression "in the best sense of the word," and it may be as well to explain exactly what I mean by it. The Queen does not regard the due observance of Sunday by what she well calls "a moping over good books," but by what she terms in a finer and better sense, "being and doing good." Her own form of worship is Church of England with a strong leaning toward Presbyterianism, which latter inclination may be accounted for partly by Scotch influence, partly by the Prince Consort's Lutheran training, and partly by her own love of simplicity in all things that surround and appertain to herself, whether it be manners, speech, or even the patterns of her curtains.

The Queen has never attended any High Church public service, nor permitted the private services she attends to be conducted with the aid of vestments, candles, processions, or other ornamental accessories. Indeed, her greatest delight was to attend the poor little church at Crathie and to communicate after the Presbyterian manner in her turn with the rest of the simple Highland congregation. And it was only her horror at finding that her presence turned the service into a show and an attraction to staring tourists that made her abandon Whippingham Church and set up a private prayer-room at Osborne House.

The Queen's private chapel at Windsor Castle is in no way accessible to other than especially privileged visitors, and is therefore unknown to the general public who are permitted to inspect the State apartments during her Majesty's absence. It was formerly the music-room of the Queen's private band, but was converted to its present use by the Prince Consort, and consecrated by the Dean of Westminster, the Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, afterward Bishop of Oxford, on December 19, 1843. This is recorded on a scroll held by the carved wooden statue of an angel, immediately outside the Queen's private pew, in the following words: "This Chapel was altered and decorated under the direction of H.R.H. the Prince Consort in the fifth year of the reign of Queen Victoria."

It will be more convenient for the purposes of description, for the reader to enter in spirit by the Visitors' Entrance in the quadrangle, as it is from the small vestibule at the head of the visitors' stairs that the Queen's own entrance to her private pew, up a small winding white and gold staircase, springs. Despite many announcements in the papers of late, this ascension has in no way been leveled, nor would such an alteration be very possible. The Queen's pew and the pew of her Majesty's visitors, which are joined by a narrow arched doorway, are on a level with the organ, about twelve feet from the floor. The Queen's pew is shut off from the private staircase and the private retiring gallery by a screen of frosted glass and white painted wood of gothic style. For want of a better simile, these pews may be likened to private boxes in a theater, which in size and shape they resemble. Their design is pure gothic, the arches being relieved by gold. They are simply furnished with a few chairs and hassocks, the upholstery being red velvet stamped with "V.R.," which match the red carpet. In the center of each hangs from the ceiling a large ornate lamp, the frosted glass panes of which are relieved by a large "V.R." The back and side walls are emblazoned with small heraldic shields, her Majesty's pew holding ten and the visitors' pew eight. Like all other apartments in the Castle the Queen's pew boasts a small black thermometer.

Descending the Queen's private staircase we come to a small door on the left, and three steps lead us up to a narrow slip of an apartment which contains, perhaps, the most unique and priceless collection by Holbein, Janet, and other Dutch masters, set round the walls in white panels. Here, also, on the small mantel-piece, is the little brass clock which was given by Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn on the morning of her marriage. Passing through this dim if not very religious little art gallery, we come to the oak doors of the Chapel, which, being opened, admit us to the ground floor and the pews under the organ occupied by the ladies and gentlemen of the household.

The Chapel itself is gothic in style, and principally lighted from the lantern roof of glass set in stone mullions, the lines of which are lightly touched with gold. From the floor upward for twelve feet a handsome oak and gilt wainscot has a somewhat somber warm effect, which helps to mitigate the severe plainness of the upper portion of the white walls. The east window is divided into six panels of stained glass, the subjects being the Saviour surrounded by the Evangelists and St. Peter, the whole framed by four smaller panels of angels. The reredos is handsomely designed in a charming blending of colored marbles. The altar, flanked on either side by carved oak chairs marked with the entwined initials "I.H.S." and "P.P.," is characteristically simple, as are also the rails. The most striking feature in the immediate vicinity is the pulpit, which is on the right, and is entered directly by a door leading from the vestry, and is surmounted by a very graceful and beautiful canopy oak, carved in gothic style. The reading-desk on the other side is much plainer. A strong decorative note is struck by the organ, a magnificent instrument elaborately ornamented in white and gold, which stands in a fine carved and gilt oak gallery. This organ, which has a double action, is used when concerts are given in St. George's Hall.

The principal means of artificially lighting the Chapel is offered by a magnificent brass chandelier of

elaborate and most graceful gothic form. It is suspended from the lantern roof by thick brass chains, and supports twelve oil lamps, her Majesty disliking gas and not taking kindly to the electric light. The arrangement of the pews, which are of oak (each being furnished with a red-plush cushion stamped "V.R." and four red carpet-covered hassocks) is very irregular. Besides those under the organ on the left or north side which have been already designated, those on the right and left of the center aisle are occupied by the footmen, housemaids, etc. Those round the south or right-hand wall are reserved for the pages and visitors' servants, and that in the northwest corner for the housekeeper and upper servants.

Two small pews to right and left of the door facing the altar are respectively reserved for the use of the Queen's private secretary and Lady Biddulph, the latter being distinguished by the beautifully modeled terra-cotta group by Dalou of a winged angel surrounded by five children, representing the Queen's grandsons who died in infancy.

To left and right of the reading-desk and pulpit are two bronze bas-reliefs, portraits of Dean Wellesley and Dean Stanley. By the side of the memorial to Dean Wellesley is a tablet which has the following inscription: "In affectionate remembrance of Major-General Sir Howard Elphinstone, K.C.B., C.M.G., V.C., born 12th December, 1829, lost at sea, 8th March, 1890. This memorial has been placed here by the Queen as a grateful recognition of his services to her Majesty and to her son, the Duke of Connaught. 'In the midst of life we are in death!'" There are also on the south and west walls memorial tablets to General Grey, the Queen's favorite private secretary, and Sir Thomas Biddulph.

So much for the Queen's Chapel at Windsor. The Prayer-Room at Osborne is far simpler in design and arrangement, and, except for the very plain pulpit and altar, its surrounding furniture and the small organ is quite devoid of ecclesiastical suggestion, as neither reading-desk nor lectern find a place there. The Prayer-Room is reached from the Queen's apartments by a long corridor on the first floor, and an open loggia which gives on a staircase. A small anteroom at the foot of the staircase is adorned with sacred pictures painted on china plaques. The room—for it is nothing more—is lighted by high, lofty windows overlooking the beautiful Upper and Lower Terraces. The carpet and hangings are crimson, and the woodwork of highly polished walnut. The altar is very small and is mainly noticeable for the three pictures that hang above it: "A Man of Sorrows," "Vigilate et Orate," and "The Good Shepherd," all by Sir Noel Paton. Between the windows are a "Virgin and Child," and "The Redeemer Enthroned," by Sarabino, and some charming studies of angels' heads. No pews clutter the floor of the Prayer-Room. The front row of chairs, which are armed and cushioned, are used by the royal party, the Queen sitting the third from the right, and having a small table before her. The household and servants sit on chairs in rows behind her Majesty.

The Queen attends the short twelve-to-one-o'clock service regularly and prefers that those members of the household whose "wait" it is should also be in attendance. The service consists of what is known as the Anti-Communion Service; viz., the litany, a hymn, the anti-communion, a hymn, and a short sermon. The Queen prefers discourses of about twenty minutes, and has no sympathy with the modern style of introducing esthetics, economics, or politics into pulpit oratory. She much prefers a plain exposition of practical truths arising out of some subject of the day, and is known to favor unwritten sermons.

The same form of arrangement prevails in the Prayer-Room at Balmoral, which the Queen has used now for some years, only going occasionally to the quaint old Crathie Church, to supplant which a larger edifice is in course of construction. The Queen, though still clinging to many of the simpler forms of worship enjoined by the Presbyterian Church, has relaxed of late years to some extent her almost Puritanical observance of the Sabbath. That she should have done this is only another example of her extraordinarily broad and liberal mind. The Queen, for all her particularity, has never been a bigot. As long ago as July, 1894, Dr. Howley, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who then confirmed the Princess Victoria in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, said that "she was too intrinsically religious by nature to ever be affected by the mere outward forms of worship." There is one point, however, on which her Majesty has been, and always will be, inflexible. No matter of what opinion or what rank in the church the preacher of the day may be, he must wear a black gown when delivering his sermon before the Queen.

The Queen has always shown a strong partiality for the clergy. She loves to talk of the many great churchmen who assisted in the molding of her character and in her education, and her dinner-party on Sunday, to which the preacher of the day is invariably commanded, is always marked by much reminiscence. It would be impossible to enumerate all her Majesty's favorite hymns, but among those which are especially asked for are Toplady's "Rock of Ages," "To Thee, O Lord," "I shall not in the grave remain," "Thy Will be done," "Happy Soul, thy days are ended," which has been so beautifully set by H.R.H. Prince Consort, and Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," which was an especial favorite of the late Duke of Albany.

The simple little service in the Queen's Private Chapel is a very solemn and impressive experience, never to be forgotten by those who have had the privilege of attending it, while to those who can recall the more imposing appearance of the Queen when, with her husband and children, and surrounded by her Court, she worshipped at the Chapel Royal, or at the Private Chapel at Buckingham Palace, the quiet modesty of her present surroundings are infinitely touching. In face of such stanch Protestantism as the Queen professes it is almost grotesque to go back to the early years of her reign, when men, both in England and Ireland, accused her Majesty of the intention of re-establishing Papacy as the national religion. That the Queen had no such intentions or ideas she has proved throughout her entire life, though at the same time she has been tolerant of all faiths, and during her tour in Ireland in 1849 was much struck and pleased with the broad-mindedness shown by those who had the direc-

tion of the model schools in Dublin. The Roman Catholic archbishop himself conducted her Majesty over the schools, where she found that no one creed was paramount, and where, as she herself remarked: "The Gospel truths, love and charity, were the only religion enforced." The Queen has since frequently said that she would it had been the same in all schools.

In the sacrament of christening the Queen takes a truly Christian interest, and when she is at Balmoral no little soul is sealed to Christ without her substantial approbation and frequently her personal attendance. The Queen would find it hard to count the number of little babies, gentle and simple, whom with her own hand she has borne to the font, while of god-children who bear her own or the Prince Consort's name there are legions.

One terrible trial came to the Queen through her strong and fervent religion. Some time after her marriage to the Grandduke of Hesse, Princess Alice, the Queen's dearest daughter, showed strong signs of wavering from the faith in which she had been so carefully brought up. The Princess was naturally deeply religious, but her own serious and thoughtful nature, coupled with the circumstances of her life, led her first to question and then to falter. For some months a most interesting correspondence passed between the Princess and the Queen, the letters of the latter being most touching in their solicitude for her daughter's spiritual welfare. That the Princess's beautiful and trusting nature returned to the faith in which she was reared and that she died in it, a devout Christian, proved a consolation to the Queen, who has ever placed her religion and the welfare of her soul above the mere earthly considerations of crowns and kingdoms. Indeed, as one watches her nowadays, in her simple gown, in her simple place of worship, reverently bowing her head and carefully following the service with her Book of Common Prayer, turning to the hymn being sung, and listening attentively to the words of the preacher, one sees her in this, as in all other things, a model for her subjects.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE QUEEN AMONG CHILDREN.

THAT during the regal solitude of her long life the Queen should have devoted much of her time to, and the greater part of her love upon, children is not wonderful. They have been her dearest bond with her subjects and the one link that has bound her with all womankind, gentle and simple alike. The Queen has always had the true instinct of maternity very strongly developed, yet tempered with that discretion and common sense which with her have entered into the tenderest relations of life, and have never allowed her head to get the better of her heart. Born and brought up at a period when sentiment was cultivated as a fine art, she, even as a child, gave strong evidence of that independent spirit which later characterized two or three of her own children, and also of that generous frankness which she has always essayed to cultivate in all those belonging to her. The following anecdote fully displays this early formation of the Queen's character: She was, when quite a little girl taken on a visit to Wentworth Woodhouse, Earl FitzWilliam's family seat in Yorkshire. Wet weather had made the paths in the grounds very slippery and unsafe, and the Princess, who was rambling ahead of the walking party, was warned of the fact by a kindly gardener, who in local parlance told her the paths were "very slape."

"Slape! Slape! What is 'slape'?" cried the Princess in the characteristically abrupt style that reminded those about her of the late King George III. The explanation which followed had no effect on the Princess "Drina," who started again on her wild career and promptly fell down in the mud. Lord FitzWilliam said: "Now your Royal Highness understands the word 'slape' theoretically and practically."

"Yes," said the Princess as she picked herself up, "I think I do, and I shall not forget it again."

Self-restraint was one of the first habits acquired by England's future queen, who spent many months in every year visiting at great country houses, and it was also this carefully cultivated characteristic that made her endure with such courage what she has often described herself as her sad and lonely childhood. Her doll's house was her consolation in those days. It was a very homely affair compared to the luxurious palaces in which latter-day children keep their "babies." She was also childishly fond of making tea, and to this day her grandchildren and great-grandchildren can have no greater treat than to pour tea from a tiny melon-shaped silver teapot with a very short spout and "May 24th, 1827," inscribed thereon. The initial V, surmounted with a crown, which decorates either side, shows that even then her first name of Alexandrina was not used or favored by all her family. This wee relic of the Queen's early days shows signs of much wear, for the butterfly poised on a rose, which makes the handle of the lid, has lost its outer wings, and they have never been replaced. A toy sugar basin and teapot in silver, marked with a V and dated 1822, were also beloved by the Queen in her babyhood.

When her Majesty's own children began to arrive in the world, no trouble was spared from the birth of each to make it fit, physically and mentally, for the position to which it was born; for, with all her deep love for her children, the Queen began at once to exercise the strictest discipline in her nurseries, and one of her oldest friends and most valued advisers always remarked: "The nursery gives me more trouble than the government of a kingdom would do."

This care was undoubtedly rendered necessary by the fact that the little Princess Royal was at her birth a most sickly and delicate child, far different from the Prince of Wales, who was a fine boy from the first. It was at the dinner given in honor of the Princess's christening that the vast gold punch-bowl, which stands in the big dining-room at Windsor, and which was made for George IV. at the cost of ten thousand pounds, after designs by Flaxman, was filled with thirty dozen bottles of mulled claret.

Lady Lyttleton, who had been the Queen's governess, was early installed in the royal nurseries, and superintended all arrangements for their proper supervision. To show how simple the little Princess Royal, when only two years old, was, she was greatly pleased with



two little frocks sent her as a Christmas present by her grandmother, the Duchess of Kent. All furniture and clothing provided for the children was exceedingly good and adequate, but wasteful extravagance and luxury were never seen in that department of the Queen's household! All her children were laid in the same cradle which the Queen gave to the Duchess of York on the birth of Prince Edward. The christening robes, best lace veils and gowns, were all used by her Majesty's babies in succession, while latter-day mothers should remember that her Majesty always made time in her busy life to bathe with her own hands the latest new baby. It was also with a view to always having her children under her own eye, that when the Queen's private apartments were being arranged by the Prince Consort for her at Windsor, the children's schoolroom was placed next her Majesty's private audience chamber, and one room away from her own sitting-room. This large and delightful apartment, which has views over the South Terrace, the stables, and the Home Park, is now used by Princess Beatrice. It is furnished with the greatest luxury nowadays, and rivals the Queen's rooms in the variety and quantity of its *bibels* and photographs, but on the walls still hang the numberless sketches and paintings executed by the princesses of scenes in Scotland, pet animals and birds, and various essays at family portraits.

The birth of Princess Alice, in 1843, brought into the royal circle the most charming and sweet of all the Queen's children. At first she was considered slow, although she was always admitted to be the beauty of the family. The Prince Consort often spoke of her as "poor dear little Alice," but she developed quickly and soon became his favorite companion. The Queen's method of education and upbringing was most excellent. One main principle on which she insisted strongly was that though their minds and bodies should be trained with regard to their future position, they should never be brought in intimate contact with Court life. Many of the Queen's ladies scarcely knew the royal children save by sight, and by catching brief glimpses of them as they walked in the gardens with their parents or sometimes came into dessert after dinner. The most carefully selected governesses and professors taught the children English, French, German, and the Arts. Progress in their studies was reported perpetually to the Queen, who herself frequently supervised the riding and driving lessons which were given in the grand riding school. Generosity was inculcated, and on birthdays and at Christmas time the royal children gave away with genuine delight little gifts of their own making. Self-control was also largely insisted on, and when the little Princess Royal made her first long journey with her parents to Scotland, in 1844, the Queen herself was delighted with the self-possession of her little daughter in the face of salutes, guns, and cheering crowds. Princess "Vicky," as she was called, also pleased her parents by her courage and sense on another occasion when in Scotland; she sat on a wasp's nest and was very severely stung. The Queen was greatly alarmed on the occasion, but the child suffered the pain with considerable courage.

To encourage her children to speak foreign languages, the Queen frequently made them learn and act little theatrical pieces, and tableaux were another popular feature in the royal nursery. Also with a view to perfecting the princes and princesses in the more useful and domestic arts, on her birthday in 1854 the Queen made over to her children the lovely Swiss cottage and gardens in the grounds at Osborne, so that the boys should learn carpentering and gardening, and the girls the rudiments of cooking and housekeeping. Often the Queen would visit the cottage and be entertained there by her children. Most of her grandchildren have also used the pretty spot for picnic dinners, and teas of their own providing.

The religious training of the royal children was entirely mapped out by the Queen, who herself drew up a memorandum which, if it were given to the world in full, would prove of inestimable benefit to all parents, so kindly, so truly sympathetic, so earnest and womanly is it. Touching the Princess Royal in particular she says: "I am quite clear that she should be taught to have great reverence for God and for religion, and that she should have the feeling of devotion and love which our Heavenly Father encourages His earthly children to have for Him, and not one of fear and trembling."

The note touching the religious training of the Prince of Wales was even more decided. "The law prescribes that the belief of the Church of England shall be the faith of the members of the royal family, and in this faith the Prince of Wales must unquestionably be trained."

But all this anxious thought on the part of the Queen never degenerated into weak indulgence. Her sons had almost more than their share of corporal punishment from the hands of their father, and on one occasion the Queen herself, for some act of disobedience, picked up the Prince of Wales, and "reproved" him before the assembled company. Being sent to bed in the daytime was the chief punishment meted out to the princesses, and the Princess Royal, who as she grew in years proved a very high-spirited child, spent many more hours than she can now count in the solitude of her own chamber. The Princess Royal was, in fact, most difficult to manage. Her wit and brilliancy of talent often led her to have a great opinion of herself. She was yet but a tiny mite when, being out driving one day with the Queen, she noticed, and at once desired, some heather by the roadside. She asked Lady Dunmore, who was in the carriage, to get her some, but on being told that was not possible, as the carriages were going too fast, cried: "Oh, I suppose you can't, but those girls can get out and pick me some," pointing to the maids-of-honor.

The Queen's interest in children was never limited by her own nursery. She always had kindly and tender smiles for them all; for those who attended at the yearly children's balls at Buckingham Palace, or whom she encountered on her visits to her subjects' country houses, as when she honored her valued friend the Duke of Argyll at Inverary Castle, and first saw the Marquis of Lorne, whom she afterward described as being "just two years old, a dear, white, fat little fellow with reddish hair, but very delicate features; a merry and independent little child," to the humbly born children of her servants whom she has so often handed to the min-

ister for baptism, blessed with her own prayers and wishes, and ministered to as only a motherly woman can.

The Queen's delight and interest in the marriage of her sons and daughters was charming and touching in the extreme. Each fresh parting from the home circle was a grief that still was tinged with an anticipated pleasure, which was more than realized when the grandchildren began to appear on the stage of her life.

Like all the rest of her sex, the Queen is more indulgent to her grandchildren than she ever was to her own, and each young family in turn has been the object of her fondest care. For many years her interest in Princess Alice's children was proved every hour of every day, and her grief at the tragic death of little Prince Frederick of Hesse was as deep as the Princess's own. After the death of Princess Alice, the Queen made her beautiful daughters her special charge, having them often to stay with her, and providing them with trousseaux on their marriages.

The only grandchildren who have never been very sympathetic to the Queen have been the families of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. Her Majesty is, however, deeply attached to her grandson, the Duke of York's babies, and often wonders whether little Prince Edward will turn out such a mischief-loving urchin as Prince George was in his youth. It was when the Prince was a lad that his royal grandmother had occasion to reprove him for his want of manners at table one day. As a punishment he was sent under the table when the sweets were being served. After an interval pardon was asked and granted, and the culprit was ordered to come out. This he did—but in the same condition as Nature made him. The Queen was very angry at the time, but has since often related and laughed at the joke.

There is no doubt that the young ones now nearest to the Queen's heart are the children of the Duke of Connaught, and the babies of her own "Baby," as Princess Beatrice was called for many years in the home circle. These last-named little folk are all very beautiful children, and well merit the adoration bestowed on them. And how plainly that adoration is evinced is patent in every detail of the Queen's private life. At Windsor Castle the rooms of the little Battenbergs are in the Victoria Tower, just above the Queen's own rooms, while her private apartments are never sacred from their childish raids, nor from the litter of a most miscellaneous collection of toys.

The humanity of royalties can be gauged from their toys, for is not the child the father of the man? Hence it is that though every species of marvelous model and toy is lavished on the Queen's pet descendants, a very dirty rag doll or a wooden horse with damaged paint are more frequently ornaments of the Queen's private sitting-room than the beautiful organ which at great cost was made for little Prince Maurice a short time back. The Grand Corridor at Windsor generally contains a large hair-covered horse which is dragged up and down, and the beautiful surroundings of the pretty tea-house at Frogmore are happy playgrounds for Princess Henry's children. The veranda of the latter place is a fine storehouse for toys, and a fine seesaw is just under the windows of the little tearoom.

At Osborne equal consideration is shown for the children, and they now occupy the same delightful suite of nurseries that were so many years ago furnished by the Queen and Prince Consort for their own offspring. The splendid airy rooms which command most lovely views across the Solent and over the Osborne Gardens are in the Queen's own wing of the house, and, as at Windsor Castle, have direct communication with her apartments. As all nurseries should be, the whole suite is arranged indiscriminately for sleeping and living. The largest of these rooms is almost the prettiest, being decorated with a fresh white paper besprent with gay flowers and bright chintzes that match. A zigzag-patterned carpet covers the floor, the entire center of which is left free of furniture. A nursery guard stands before the fire, and two ample screens, one of scraps, the other chintz-covered, mask the doors. A round table, littered with toys, some side-tables bearing photographs and books, have their full complement of wide, low chairs. The cots in the room are quite old-fashioned, being mahogany with cane sides, the white fringes that hang round them forming an ideally neat little valance. The bedclothes have a simple arrangement of strings, by which they are kept over restless little bodies during the night. Two tiny rush-seated armchairs suggest delightful, childish days. All round the room are literally stacks of toys. The pictures on the walls follow out the Queen's taste in such matters. A few are of sacred subjects, the rest are portraits, among them being likenesses of the Prince Consort and of the children and their many cousins. Traces of the little ones at Osborne are found in the shape of sundry toys in the Observatory Tower of the house and down in Osborne Bay, where, in a well-arranged floating bath, they learn to swim as their royal aunts and uncles did before them, as well as in the Lower Alcove, a most delectable and picturesque garden retreat on the Lower Terrace, which faces the big fountain and has a charming view of the Valley Walk, where on wet summer afternoons the royal children have a picnic tea in just the same simple, homely fashion as the Queen so loved in earlier days.

Her Majesty's love and pride in her vast number of lineal descendants is pardonably great, and her curiosity to see the "newest baby" is always most delightful. That an early view may be gained by the Queen of the latest additions to the family, a small miniature likeness of the little stranger is always sent to her as soon as may be, which picture is worn by the Queen in a bracelet until such time as puts her reigning favorite's nose out of joint, when it is added to the large collection of these tiny pictures that the Queen possesses.

Although the Queen's private rooms at Windsor are filled with charming portraits of children, none, to my thinking, is so really beautiful in pose and execution as a picture I can recall of Princess Beatrice, painted when she was a year old. The beautiful baby, who is wearing an exquisite frock of fine white lace, is lying at full length, and with dimpled, raised arms, on a huge white satin pillow, which billows up round the laughing child. As a picture of child-life it is the gem of the Queen's collection.

Even the tiniest of the Queen's grandchildren is

taught to treat his sovereign with due respect. The smallest of them will doff his cap on entering the palace and bow before her, though the next minute he may be playing with the attendants.

There has been a great tendency to exaggerate to the public the so-called interference of the Queen with the domestic affairs of her sons and daughters. That this is quite untrue is shown by the deep reverence and love in which all her family hold her. Even those more distant connections to whom she is a queen first and a relation afterward hold her in the profoundest affection. On one occasion a young English prince who is not very nearly allied to her Majesty, visited Broadmoor, the great criminal lunatic asylum. While there he saw a wretched old woman, who, being informed of the identity of the visitor, at once burst forth into a frenzied torrent of abuse of the Queen. The prince was horrified and most deeply moved, saying openly to those about him that his devotion to the Queen was so great that it pained him to even hear a lunatic rail against her.

One thing is certain, that if those who are grown up and perhaps getting on in years love and revere her Majesty, the children who cross her path have every reason to adore her, whether they be of her own kin and can regard her as a fond and indulgent grandmother, or whether they be the offspring of those about the Court, her servants and her gillies, who, oblivious as children will be of all rank, come nestling to her side, telling her their baby joys and griefs, and finding in her not only a queen, but a tender-hearted woman who has been and always will be a true friend to little children.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE QUEEN AS A HOSTESS.

HOSPITALITY and the invitation of guests have been reduced to a fine art in the royal palaces during the Queen's long reign. Certain curtailments have been made from time to time in the list of those who considered themselves eligible candidates for the sovereign's entertainments, while on the other hand fresh additions are yearly made from the ranks of those who have merited the Queen's favor, or excited her admiration. To consider the present conduct of the State concerts and balls would be idle, as it is now very many years since the Queen has deputed to her daughters and daughters-in-law her duties as hostess on these purely formal occasions. Suffice it to say, that they are most splendid entertainments, at which every detail is in perfection of taste and lavishness. Yet a rider must be added to say that nowadays these functions lack the verve and charm which were once given to them by the charming presence of her Majesty, who in former times moved so graciously among her guests, and, however great the number, made all feel personally welcome and at home. At the balls which were given for the royal children at Buckingham Palace, the Queen would lead every dance and personally draw out the shyest of the little ones.

As a hostess on grand occasions and when she received the visits of crowned heads, her Majesty's demeanor was at once stately and charming. Kings and emperors who went to Windsor were always greeted by her at the splendid State entrance, first with a deep reverence, then with a kiss, and the same procedure was observed at their departure. Only a few months back, when the Tsar of Russia visited his royal grandmother by marriage at her simple country home in Scotland, the Queen greeted him with all the stately formality due to a sovereign, following her old custom of standing in the entrance at the head of her family and household. State visits and State entertainments are, however, comparatively public property—they are conducted in the eyes of the world. It is rather with the quiet stream of visiting that goes on principally when the Court is at Windsor that we have to do, and the circumstances that surround these visits are very interesting because they are quite private.

It must be premised that of the Queen's guests there are two kinds, those whose claim on her is one of friendship, in which case a visit of one to three days is expected, and those who for business, political or other reasons are placed on the "dine and sleep" list. In both cases, however, the surroundings and locale are the same.

At Windsor—which, as being the palace where the Queen now entertains the most, is best to take into consideration—the Visitors' Entrance is approached from beneath an ample porch in the northeast corner of the quadrangle, under the shadow of the Round Tower, and just past that quaint old remnant of Elizabethan days which now contains the royal library. The entrance doors and those that divide the outer hall from the inner are of oak arranged after a good gothic design, and set with panels of glass. The walls are of a creamy white, and, being ribbed and touched with gold, are very light in effect. The balustrade of the fine circular staircase is also white, with a hand-rail of red velvet which matches all the carpets. A fine old eight-day clock on the left side, some oak furniture, a few pictures, and a well-executed bust in bronze of Alexander of Wurtemberg, relieved with orders and ribbons of ormolu, all give an air of homely comfort and welcome. On the right hand of the inner hall are the equerries' rooms, the one a library and writing-room, and the other their breakfast and lunch-room. The first is a very plain apartment. A large round table fills the center, and between the two windows, which are on a level with and overlook the quadrangle, is a writing-desk.

Far more interesting is the breakfast-room, where guests usually linger on arrival and departure. Here the walls are of pale gray and gold, paneled in light oak moldings. They are well covered by a most charming series of water-color sketches to the number of nearly fifty, representing the uniforms worn by the household troops in 1832. There are also many pictures, the most attractive being a group of three portraits in one frame. A very pretty one of the Queen when a young girl, dressed in white and blue, Prince George of Cumberland, and Prince George of Cambridge. It bears the date 1832. The dwarf bookcases on either side of the fireplace are well stocked with reference and classical works, chief among them being such useful books as "Chambers' Encyclopedia," Knight's "Shakespeare,"



a "History of England," and the "United Service Journal."

Mounting the staircase, which is lighted by handsomely chased brass oil lamps springing from the balustrade, the visitors, who are preceded by a member of the household, reach the vestibule, after passing beneath two pictures portraying Edward III. and the Black Prince, and a very beautiful stained-glass window. A statue of King Alfred, the Jubilee picture of the Queen by Angeli, Canon Woodville's fine work "Too Late," a portrait of Dean Stanley, and busts of George II. and Queen Caroline decorate this fine square landing.

From it doors lead to that quaint white little room which enshrines forty-one pictures, including the most wonderful collection of Holbeins the world has ever known, a marvelous Cranach, and that historical old brass clock that passed as a wedding gift between Henry VIII. and ill-fated Anne Boleyn on their marriage morning. It stands on a bracket of lacquered metal which is engraved with portraits of Henry and Anne, and has hanging from it disproportionately heavy weights. The Queen and her visitors pass through this beautiful little room on Sundays on the way to the royal and visitors' pews in the private chapel.

A small room in the tower just off the Holbein room (or Retiring-Room as it is generally called) is only interesting for a round table it contains, made in alternate light and dark sections of oak and teak wood taken from the ill-fated "Royal George." It bears on a small silver plate in the shape of a ship the following inscription:

"Made of timbers recovered from the wreck of H.M.S. 'Royal George,' sunk at Spithead, Aug. 29th, 1782. Presented to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria by her most obedient and humble servants,  
"E. and E. EMMANUEL.

"Portsmouth, Aug., 1841."

The small lobby which lies between the vestibule and the chapel contains a fine group by Wyatt, in white marble, of Penelope, bow in hand, and with a wolf at her side. Another door gives from the same starting-point on to the Page's Waiting-Room, a tiny chamber looking on to the quadrangle, which contains the life-size marble group of the Queen and the Prince Consort in medieval costume. It was executed by W. Theed, in 1867. The attitude of the royal pair is touchingly affectionate. On the base is inscribed in gold letters: "Allured to brighter worlds and led the way." A large mirror is behind the sculpture. There are some good Zucarellis here, and several Canalettos. Also fine portraits by Angeli of Dean Stanley in 1877, the Hon. G. Wellesley, Dean of Windsor, in 1877, and of Sir Michael Biddulph in 1878. A very beautiful clockcase, depicting the Rape of Europa, is supported on either side by bronze figures of Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke. This small room gives entrance to the Grand Corridor.

It is from this magnificent promenade that the more important suites of rooms are reached, and to show how well the Queen's guests are always lodged we will consider the arrangements made for the three first ranks of her visitors—crowned heads, her own sons, and her Ministers of State.

The rooms called the "Tapestry Suite" are always given to foreign sovereigns, and so exclusively are they guarded from prying eyes that few who have not the right to occupy them have ever passed inside the splendid doors of oak and heavy gilding which inclose the apartment. The boudoir, which is the largest of the four rooms, is directly above George IV.'s gateway, and between the twin square towers of York and Lancaster. Those who know Windsor Castle from the outside will therefore remember that the large heavily mullioned window of this room commands a grand view straight down the Long Walk to the Great Park beyond. Otherwise these rooms are very small, peculiar in shape, and not too well lighted by daytime, owing to the windows being so deeply set. But they are given to the Queen's favored guests, as they are very near to the private apartments of her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, and quite close to the oak dining-room.

The tapestry in the suite consists of four very beautiful panels which were made at the Old Windsor Tapestry Works when they flourished under the patronage of the late Duke of Albany, as were also the very charming small panels which, set in borders of bright watercolor green, serve to upholster the furniture. The tapestry gives rather a gloomy appearance to the room, which is but slightly counteracted by the looking-glass, with which the inside of the doors is paneled, and by the gorgeous ceiling of cream and gold. The mantelpiece on the right is of gray marble, the shelf being covered with very valuable china, and some of the many hundreds of silver candlesticks the Queen possesses. Just opposite is a fine cabinet crowded with some priceless Dresden china and more silver *bibelots*. Close by the fire stands the piano, a full grand in a rosewood case. It was the prize piano at the Colonial Exhibition, and was made in Toronto, Canada. The Queen considers it is one of the finest instruments in her possession. Small tables full of books, china, flowers, and photos are scattered about the room, which contains but two pictures, portraits of the late Emperor of Russia and the Dowager Empress, painted in their early married life.

A door cleverly cut in the tapestry leads in the first dressing-room, which is set in an angle of the Lancaster Tower, and is so dark that artificial light is almost always necessary there. Walls, ceilings, and doors are white and gold, and the huge maple wardrobe opposite the window is paneled with glass and decorated with gold lines. Some chairs and two fine satinwood tables complete the furniture, but the pictures include many records of the Queen's family and ancestors. Queen Charlotte and Princess Caroline, by Lawrence, are delightful memories of those ladies; a large water-color by H. Thomas reproduces the gathering at Windsor Castle on the occasion of the christening of Princess Victoria of Hesse, Princess Alice's daughter, in 1863. A

very pretty little picture in an oval frame which faces the window shows the Emperor of Germany, as a tiny boy in a uniform. There are two excellent portraits of the late Emperor Frederick, one dated 1867, and a group of Prince Henry of Prussia and his wife. Likenesses of the first Emperor William and his Empress Augusta almost make complete this little gallery of the German royal family, among which hangs a lovely picture of the Empress of Austria, painted at the height of her beauty. She is wearing a low white gown and her glorious hair is unbound and ripples far below her knees.

The bedroom is square. Six large cases full of miniatures decorate the white walls, and there are some delightful Georgian family portraits. The upholstery of the Amboyna wood bedstead and all the windows are of rich crimson silk damask. The wardrobe is of mahogany, lavishly gilt, but two small cabinets of Amboyna on either side of the fireplace are the prettiest things in the room. A second small dressing-room, in which a curtained recess is used for hanging dresses, contains a number of modern family portraits, and brings the suite to an end. It is these rooms that, outside her private apartments, are oftenest visited nowadays by the Queen, for here is always lodged her much-loved eldest daughter, the Dowager Empress of Germany.

In the York Tower are the apartments known as the Prince of Wales's rooms, but used by others of the Queen's children. The suite contains four rooms, numbered from 238 to 241. Portraits of the Queen's children at an early age, of the Duchess of Kent and the Queen as a very little thing, painted in 1821, the late Duchess of Cambridge, and the Dukes of Connaught and Albany, one in a Kharkee uniform, the other in a Scotch uniform, are on the sitting-room walls, which are covered in a rich-toned yellow silk. The piano is again of rosewood, and the furniture of fine Amboyna, relieved with chased ormolu mounts. Some very large mirrors give a bright air to the apartment. The most valuable piece of furniture it contains is a lacquered Japanese commode with a white marble top.

The bathroom in this suite is strictly utilitarian. The bedroom has a gold ground paper. The well-known picture of the Queen at the age of three hangs here, also a charming portrait of her on horseback and wearing the flowing habit of 1839. The hapless Princess Charlotte is also portrayed. The furniture is of mahogany and Amboyna. Everything makes for intense comfort without any great display.

Just under the Tapestry Suite in the Lancaster Tower, and numbered 343, are the rooms that long custom has dedicated to the use of the principal Ministers whose visits to Windsor during the session are very frequent. The suite, which is entered by a door at the foot of the tower, is most comfortable, and comprises two bedrooms and a sitting-room, arranged with everything necessary for the dispatch of business. Bright flowery papers cover the walls, and the furniture everywhere is upholstered in chintz. The sitting-room contains eight good pictures of the Dutch school, a medallion portrait of Lord Beaconsfield, a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds of Edward, Duke of York, a picture of "The Landing of the Elector Frederick at Gravesend," and a well-filled and very handsomely carved bookcase. The bedrooms are pictorially decorated with portraits of the Countess of Essex and of Alphonse D'Avalon and his mistress, after Titian. The accommodation for visitors at Osborne is much better than it used to be, as when the Indian room was built there a large number of excellent bedrooms were arranged above it.

At Balmoral it must be confessed that the arrangement for guests outside the royal circle is very indifferent, and the Minister-in-attendance is obliged when there to transact all his work in his bedroom. This lack of space was, however, designed on the part of the Queen and Prince Consort, who always tried to make Balmoral as much of a holiday resort as such busy people are ever able to enjoy.

With regard to those who are "commanded" to Windsor for a short interview with the Queen, the visitor is generally taken to the beautiful Audience Chamber in the sovereign's private suite. A maid-of-honor first receives the guest, and then the Queen enters with a lady-in-waiting, an Indian servant, and, perhaps, a secretary, according to the nature of the audience. Very often one of the princesses accompanies the Queen. After the interview the guest is generally invited to luncheon with the household.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### THE QUEEN'S GUESTS.

It is in the Grand Corridor and in the vicinity of her Majesty's private apartments that the guests and household assemble between half-past eight and a quarter to nine o'clock, and there await among regal surroundings the arrival of the sovereign and the signal for dinner.

The coup d'œil of the Grand Corridor is the most striking sight in the whole Castle, and the treasures it contains only serve to enhance the richness of the crimson silk draperies which are hung from elaborately gilt cornice-poles, the wonderfully bossed and gilded cream ceiling, and the exquisite contrast of the many recesses fitted with oak and gilt boxes, which are always filled with foliage and flowering plants. The floor is of inlaid woods, and the walls, being a pale, soft gray, form a perfect background for the interesting collection of pictures, and for the large lamps that on carved and chased gilt standards everywhere raise their glowing heads.

Between the arches of oak and gold that break the straight lines of the corridor, and opposite the long line of windows that overlook the Quadrangle, stand at intervals a wonderful assortment of cabinets, some of the finest Boulle work and others of Japanese lacquer, but all alike lined with white satin and having shelves of plate-glass. In them are set forth many specimens of Sévres, notably some pieces of *vert pomme* and blue *œil de Perdrix*, the three famous Rose du Barry vases, which are without rival in the world, some very extraordinary mauve Chelsea vases with different fruits as handles to the covers, and a great deal of remarkably fine Dresden. In fact, the china contained in the corridor at Windsor is considered beyond all price and, in the mass, quite unpurchasable.

The many pictures, beginning with "The Queen's First Council," by Sir David Wilkie, which illustrate so

well the various important events of her Majesty's reign, are too intimately known to the public through the medium of engravings to need any description here. They number more than twenty and are distinctly interesting, although by no means the highest forms of art. A picture, however, that is really touching is entitled "The First of May, 1851," and represents the aged Iron Duke of Wellington presenting a golden casket to his royal godson, the baby Prince Arthur, who lies in the Queen's arms, while the Prince Consort leans over her Majesty's shoulder.

Several lovely Gainsboroughs, a Reynolds representing Princess Sophia Matilda playing on the ground with a Skye terrier, Hogarth's fine portrait of Garrick and his wife, two or three of Zoffani's quaint interiors of famous picture galleries, and several good examples of Canaletto's peculiar style, lighten the more modern paintings. Two models of Ancient Rome in marble and ormolu stand near a very sweet bust of the Queen, taken when she was ten. An excellent likeness also must have been Chantrey's bust of her in 1839. The most singular pieces of sculpture in the whole Corridor are, however, two seventeenth-century busts of heroic size of Roman emperors. They are in red porphyry and Oriental alabaster, and are very ugly, though not without interest. Four pedestals, hewn from the rock at Gibraltar, are curious. The bronzes, which are on all sides, are beautiful, several of them being most gracefully modeled. A group in silver and gold of "Lady Godiva" was given by the Queen to Prince Albert, August 26, 1857. Another grand piece of plate always standing in the Corridor is the great silver vase presented to the Queen at her Jubilee by the members of the household.

A point of everlasting speculation with the public is the identity of the *real* resting-place of the Koh-i-noor. It may interest many, therefore, to know that it is kept in the Grand Corridor at Windsor.

But more than the big diamond, the silver and the gold and the rare china does her Majesty prize the plain Bible, bound in limp leather, and with overlapping edges, that belonged to her faithful servant, General Gordon, and was brought to her by his sister some time after his sad death. This simply bound book is enshrined in a seventeenth-century fairylike casket of carved crystal, with silver-gilt and enameled mounts. It lies on a cushion of white satin, and is open at the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, pp. 64 and 65, which are marked in blue pencil. The Queen likes all her visitors to see this relic of a great man's life, and on more than one occasion has herself directed attention to it, and always with words of great feeling.

Should her Majesty desire to retire early to her own rooms, the company return after dinner to the Corridor, where they stand until their royal hostess has addressed each one in her kindly and thoughtful fashion, always remembering the tastes or circumstances of everybody, and never omitting to inquire by name after those of a family whom she knows. This is one of the minor courtesies of life about which the Queen is intensely punctilious. After the withdrawal of her Majesty, the guests are free to adjourn to the Crimson Drawing-Room which I have already described as being the scene of so many of the merry small dances the Queen was once so addicted to giving.

Should, however, any music be arranged for the evening, or should any gifted amateurs be staying at Windsor, the Queen leads the way to either the Green or White Drawing-Rooms, apartments she now prefers to the Crimson Drawing-Room, which is almost exclusively used by the household.

The Green Drawing-Room is extremely startling at first sight, for the richly flowered silk which covers both furniture and walls is of the most brilliant apple-green hue. A second glance, however, convinces the visitor that the color is at once the most delightful and most becoming that was ever used in decoration. The apartment is large, well proportioned, and broken by a very deep bay with a large window at the end overlooking the incomparable East Terrace. It was in this bay that Landseer painted his loveliest picture of the young Queen, in company with the Prince Consort and the baby Princess Royal, who sports on the floor with some dogs. The picture hangs in the Queen's private sitting-room, and is an ideal portrayal of happy family life.

The famous Sévres service of fine *Bleu de Roi* made for Louis XVI. and bought by George IV. for forty thousand pounds is in this room, as well as the four candelabras of bronze and ormolu representing the "Four Seasons," which date from the early period of Louis XV. Many other bronzes, a splendid black Boulle table and inlaid stand, and two portraits by Lawrence, on either side of the fireplace, are chief among the art treasures of this most beautiful room.

Her Majesty's favorite apartment is undoubtedly the White Drawing-Room. Smaller than the other two, its walls and ceilings are a vision of white and gold, while the gilt furniture is upholstered in royal crimson and gold silk. The most remarkable features about this dainty spot are two large doors in polished ebony on either side of a huge mirror. They are heavily decorated with ornaments in ormolu, and lead to the private rooms of the Queen and those which were used by the Prince Consort respectively.

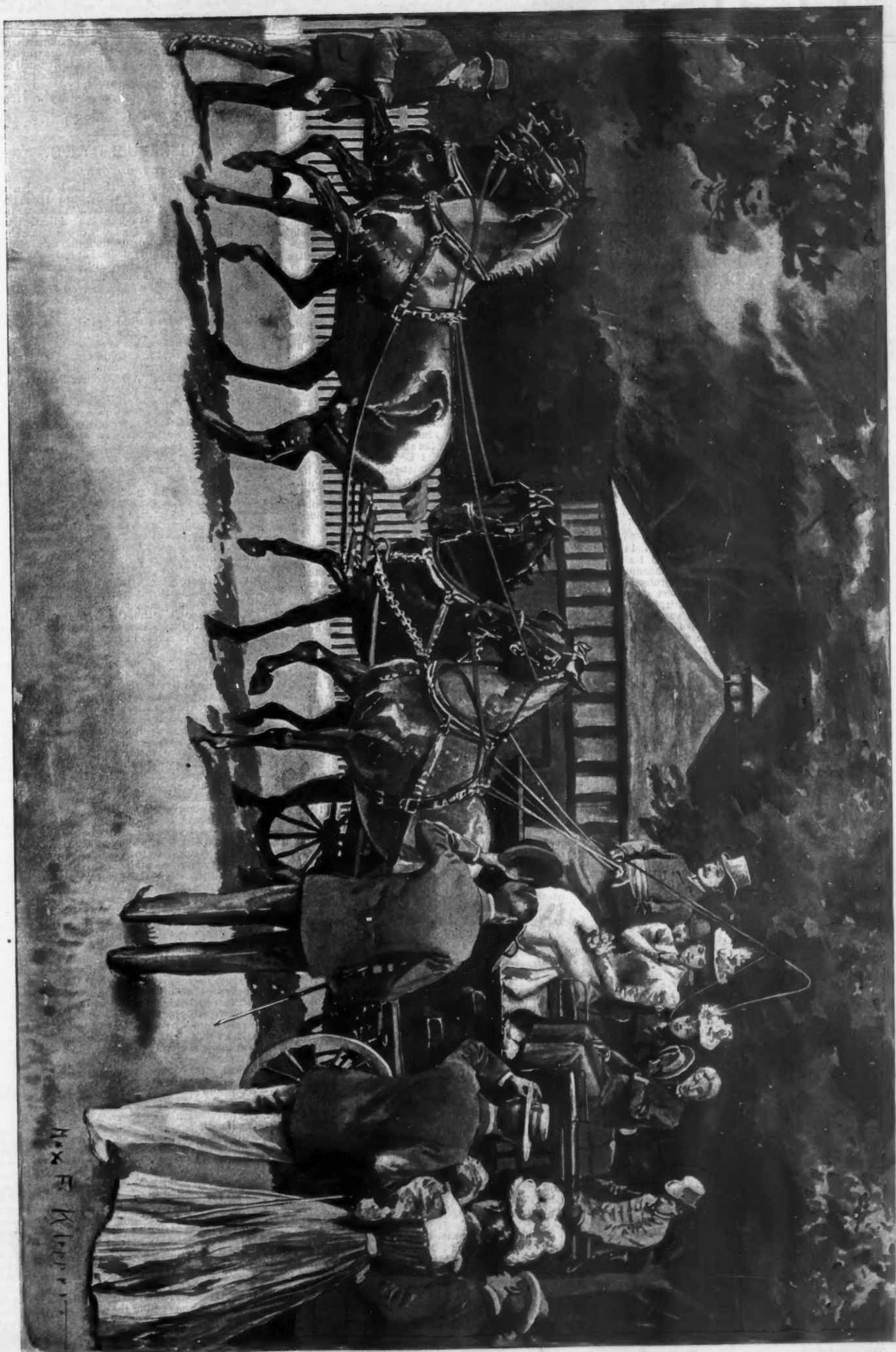
Carefully guarded by glass screens is the lovely Gouthière cabinet, famous as containing the finest panels that the Sévres porcelain works ever produced, and the best work in ormolu that the great craftsman Gouthière ever executed. It dates, as does a second one, from Louis XVI.'s period, and experts have valued the pair at an immense sum. Two very pretty portraits of George III.'s daughters, the Princesses Mary and Sophia, are by Hoppner, and a picture of Queen Charlotte in her young days, by Cotes, is eminently pleasing. One of the many Winterhalter portraits of the Queen, painted in 1842, hangs here. He was always considered by the royal family to be the only artist who ever rightly caught the expression of her Majesty's mouth. A sweet picture shows the Prince of Wales at a very early age, wearing a white satin frock and a profusion of curls. In the window is an enormous vase

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of gift china, sent by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia to the Queen in 1844. In panels it bears pictures of Peterhof and the Marble Gateway of the Winter Palace.

In all these drawing-rooms there are large candelabras on tall standards, handsome chandeliers, and exquisitely carved mantel-pieces of white marble, while the double doors that connect the suite are all heavily ornamented with chased ormolu wreaths and festoons. Candles form the illuminant power, as her Majesty has a great dislike to the heat of gas and the glare of electric light. In all the fireplaces nothing but beech-logs are burned.

The elegant White Drawing-Room has for some years past been the scene of all Investitures held at Windsor, and when last Eleonora Duse, the Italian actress, was in London, she played "La Locandiera" before her Majesty in this room. Should professional music be the order of the evening, a short set programme, which has previously been submitted to the Queen, is gone through, and the dinner party is augmented by a few of the household, and of the Queen's friends from the immediate neighborhood. If amateur talent is relied upon, the Queen indicates in turn those whom she would like to hear sing or play, and on these occasions those of the princesses who are at the Castle always assist in the evening's amusement. It was on such an evening that her Majesty asked one of the maids-of-honor who had been—according to Court etiquette—standing for some time, to sing a song. The young lady begged to be excused, saying she had a bad cold. "Then you had better go to bed," said the Queen. "No, thank you, ma'am, but I should like to sit down!" answered the lady.

Sometimes music is abandoned in favor of chess or cards, both of which pastimes in connection with the Queen's private life will be considered later. But however the evenings may be spent, they are always most pleasant. The ladies, in turn, approach, and are generally invited to sit by the Queen's side; the gentlemen are free to stand and move about as they please. It is the rule, however, not to raise the voice when speaking, and loud laughter is considered a gross breach of courtly manners.

The Queen leaves her guests betimes, going to her own rooms to read and transact business. Every one curtsies and bows as her Majesty departs. Should she desire later in the evening to have an interview with any particular person, he or she is sent for to her private suite.

After the Queen's departure the party quickly breaks up, the ladies going to their own rooms and the gentlemen downstairs, to the equerries' billiard-room, which, by the way, is used by visitors of every degree, as there is no other in the Castle. A turn in the corridor that leads from the visitors' entrance leads immediately into the anteroom, a small place containing two very quaint pictures. One is a portrait of "Mr. Theodora Panden, Keeper of Her Majesty's Royal Palace, in Windsor Castle, in ye reigns of Charles II. and King James and King William, Sept. xiii., MDCC., also to Queen Anne and to King George." The other represents an old woman in an apron, and with a broom in her hand. It bears the date 1696, and the name of Bridget Holmes.

The billiard-room itself is commonplace. A gray blue paper covers the walls, and the table is lighted by six oil-lamps. It forms a strange contrast to the splen-

did billiard-room at Osborne, which is one of the noblest apartments in the house; but, on the other hand, is perhaps more comfortable than the same apartment at Balmoral.

Although the Queen seldom, if ever, sends for any of her guests before they leave next morning, every provision is made for their amusement. On a first visit most people express a desire to examine the treasures of the Grand Corridor or to inspect the library.

In fine weather they stroll in those parts of the garden the Queen is not likely to pass in her morning drive, while those who are interested in fat stock and such like walk to the Shaw Farm.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock all "dine and sleep" guests have left the Castle, after a visit which even to the most blasé must be marked with a white stone as a memorable and delightful experience.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE QUEEN'S FRIENDS.

PERSONAL friendships, the greatest blessings of life, have always proved of the greatest danger to royalty, and indeed the first essential of friendship is absolute equality and complete trust. These are seldom possible between a sovereign and a subject, and where the experiment has been tried it has most frequently been disastrous to both parties. Isolation and solitude are too often the heritage of him who is born beneath the shadow of a throne. Envy and fear are the lot of kings and queens, and in such an atmosphere "Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul! Sweet'ner of life," seldom thrives. When the sovereign is a queen, the ruler a woman, the choice of a confidant is the more difficult. Such "friendships" as were cultivated at the Courts of the Stuarts and of the Bourbons died with the last century, since when a newer sense of personal responsibility and a more commendable self-restraint have been cultivated.

How far history influenced the Duchess of Kent and those immediately about the little Princess Victoria, it is impossible to say, but one thing is certain. Our Queen's earlier days were almost entirely empty of childish friendships. Her walks and drives in Kensington Gardens, at Sidmouth and Broadstairs, were entirely solitary, so far as companionship suitable to her age went, and she herself has often spoken of her childhood as being a very lonely one. In spite of this, the poverty of her surroundings, the shadow of responsibility, the frequent and degrading bickerings in the home circle of her uncle, and an almost Spartan bringing up, could not dry up the pure well of kindly feeling that flowed in the heart of the little girl, starving for human sympathy, and a confidant to weep with her over her fears and sorrows, and laugh with her over her small joys. The gentle spirit of the child, who is mother of the woman, is well shown by an anecdote told of the Queen's childhood, which I have on high authority as being true, and I give it here as an example of the Queen's tenderness, generosity, and thought of others, which go so far in winning confidence and establishing a bond between souls which even position cannot break down. About 1834, during the visit of the Duchess of Kent and the little Princess to Tunbridge Wells, a very humble and unknown strolling actress came to the town, where she was left a widow in the poorest circumstances. This sad story, and the fact that the unfortunate woman was daily expecting her confinement, came to the Princess's ears. She straightway went to her mother and begged for ten pounds. To this she added a like sum from her own pocket, and took the gift with her own hand to the widow. One of her first acts on reaching the throne was to allow the actress an annuity of forty pounds for life. It is scarcely any wonder that a child capable of such spontaneous kindness should grow into a woman who, despite all the dangers of jealousy and the difficulties of etiquette, could win over others to her confidence.

Only now and then was Lady Fanny Howard, a child two years older than the little Princess, invited to play with her. The affection engendered then between the two children was never forgotten, as is so often the case: for, by her special request, Lady Fanny was appointed lady-in-waiting to the Queen's mother, the Duchess of Kent, and on every anniversary of the Duchess's birthday, Lady Fanny Howard dined with her Majesty, until her death, in 1894. Princess Victoria's girlhood was as empty of friendships as her childhood had been, although it cannot be denied that she received with gratitude the sincere affection shown for her by Baroness Lehzen, her governess, whose whole heart and life were bound up in her pupil, and whom the young Queen, on her accession, promoted to be her private secretary and, to a large extent, the overseer of the domestic portion of her household. At that time also the foundation of a most sincere friendship was being laid between the Princess and Baron Stockmar, first physician, and then secretary, and controller of the household of King Leopold of Belgium, the brother of the Duchess of Kent, and that "Uncle Leopold" who figures so frequently in the Queen's writings. But before that momentous June 20, 1837, Stockmar's connection with the Princess Victoria was indirect and vague. Thus it was that her Majesty, then a mere girl, ascended the throne of the greatest empire in the world practically friendless, and with nothing but the prop of Court etiquette upon which to lean; for from the hour of her accession the cold formalities of State and the necessary restraint that lies between sovereign and subject separated the Queen and her mother. The Duchess of Kent was overwhelmed with vexation and disappointment at the independent attitude that the Queen at once assumed and at the rigid observance of Court ceremonial on which she insisted. Under such circumstances, and without any real friends, and debarré by State reasons from too intimate family intercourse, it is small wonder that the young Queen drifted into a friendship that for a time seriously imperiled her own popularity, and beset the first few years of her reign with political difficulties.

The Prime Minister at the time of William IV.'s death and Queen Victoria's accession was Lord Melbourne, a charming man, gifted with a delightful personality, courtly manners, and infinite tact in the management of worldly affairs. He duly installed himself as her Majesty's political mentor, and gaining considerable influence over her, there is no doubt that he imbued her with strong Whiggish tendencies. The story of "the

Bedchamber incident" is too well known to need more re-telling than to recall the fact that on Lord Melbourne's advice, it was stated, the Queen refused to allow the new Ministry, headed by Sir Robert Peel, to appoint, in the place of the Whig ladies who surrounded the Queen's person, others of more Tory proclivities. The Duke of Wellington and Baron Stockmar, who was then much about the English Court, endeavored to persuade her to permit affairs to take their usual course, but, supported by Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell, she remained obdurate. Peel, in despair, declined to take office, and the Melbourne Ministry was reorganized in triumph.

(Continued next week.)

## SILHOUETTES.

BY J. R. HOYT.

WE hear of a woman who has lately sued a newspaper for libel, and who has been awarded damages for being described as a "New Woman," the paper including under this descriptive head an unlimited use of dumb-bells and a decided tendency toward anarchy and socialism. It is interesting to find this rather ambiguous specimen of femininity defined at last and classified, with some of her qualities clearly enumerated, but if she really combines the mind of a socialist with the muscles of a dumb-bell wielder her advent, which has been so widely heralded, will scarcely be a pleasurable event, and it is not strange that any one designated by so opprobrious a term should feel it an injury which demands pecuniary recompense. Lately certain voluminous champions of the weaker sex have evidently formulated the opinion that womankind is not receiving her proper share of the world's attention, so persistently have they dragged the "New Woman," the "Athletic Woman," the "Emancipated Woman," the "Fin-de-siècle Woman," etc., before the public. According to these theorists the sex has up to now been under the thralldom of the Dark Ages, from which it has only just begun to emerge, during the last few years, thanks to their efforts. To the world at large, however, women appear to-day much as their grandmothers did before them, saving that they are a generation ahead, and are accustomed to the Roentgen rays and the phonograph, and sometimes study the professions. The only woman who answers at all to the descriptions of this so-called new feminine creation is Jeanne D'Arc; even she is hardly up to date, and, seen through the glamour of the medieval, is like the poet's rose. "In her loneliness—all the fairer for her oneness," and it must be confessed a regiment of even Jeanne D'Arcs would have turned the glorious into the grotesque. Speaking of imitating masculine fashions, one of the minor consequences of the Parisian fire is a petition which has been presented to the authorities of that city, to allow women if they choose to don man's attire, the argument in its favor being that it will insure her greater safety, and opportunities for self-protection in any further emergency of the kind.

A curious means of decorating a vase or large earthenware pot intended to hold flowers, which is exceedingly decorative if the process be successful, is to cover its surface with living seedlings, which when they have sprouted have the appearance of a delicate green moss. Any kind of porous pot, such as terra-cotta, is the best medium for such a purpose, as in that case it itself acts as a soil for its tiny parasites; although either glass or metal vases are also practicable, the outside being covered with a piece of wet flannel fastened on by means of thread or wire. The best seeds to choose for the purpose are those which are of quick germination, such as timothy grass, flag clover, or, best of all, common garden cress, the latter being the most suitable on account of the little nourishment the plant requires and of its great rapidity of growth. Let the vase stand in a saucer of water, which keeps the flannel saturated, then sprinkle the seeds lightly and quickly over the surface, then, taking care not to disturb the seeds, place it in a dark closet until they sprout, filling the saucer from time to time so as to preserve the humidity. Should the plants droop they must be carefully watered.

The precept followed by those who are now furnishing country houses would seem to be that of doing, and daring all things. A short time ago summer cottages were for the most part as conventional as town houses, and were all built substantially on the same plan. But of late years originality is aimed at quite as much as comfort, both outside and inside. Originality of this kind without artistic perception to back it, however, is a dangerous quality, and some of the novel innovations one sees are more startling than happy. Yet other effects produced by those with a talent for decorating in color and furnishing are really delightful and very suggestive. An extremely pretty little cottage on Long Island is furnished with a combination of picturesqueness and freshness which makes it quite unique. The dining-room is entirely blue and white, the colors being carried out more thoroughly in detail than one usually sees them. The wooden walls are stained white and the curtains, hangings, screens, cushions, window benches, etc., are upholstered in a blue and white Japanese chintz. The fireplace is made of white enameled brick, its rather low mantel-piece being draped with blue and white chintz, and set out with a blue and white clock, chandeliers, and other china ornaments. An open cupboard, entirely upholstered in chintz, is filled with an old English blue and white dinner service, and the scheme of color is carried out in the lamp and candle shades, painted with Delft designs of Dutch windmills, sail-boats, etc. The motif of the entrance hall of this house is entirely in green of a pronounced but restful shade, which acts as a frame around each window to the lighter green of the landscape without. The fireplace is also enameled with the same color, which makes an excellent background for the pottery and brass ornaments set around the chimney. At one end of the adjoining living-room, which is warm with color, being hung with East Indian chintzes, etc., there is a "Dutch corner," composed of two benches at right angles with each other, with arms at their two opposite ends, while running along about three feet further up, and facing the back of the settee, are two long book shelves, built back into the wall and covered by bright silk curtains hung on brass rods.

## SUMMER TIME TABLE ON THE WEST SHORE RAILROAD.

The West Shore Railroad Summer Schedule will go into effect Sunday, June 27th, 1897. There will be many important changes and additions. The through car service between Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Asbury Park, Long Branch, Jersey City and Catskill Mountains, Saratoga and Lake George, will be shown in the new schedule.

There will be many improvements in the new service, and the time of several through trains has been greatly reduced.

The popular RIP VAN WINKLE FLYER will leave New York as usual at 10:45 a.m., making a very fast run through to the Catskills without change of cars.

The Saturday Half-Holiday Express will leave New York at 1:30 p.m. and reaches the principal Catskill Mountain points in time for supper.

There has also been added a sleeping car, which will leave New York on the 3:15 a.m. train, reaching the Catskill Mountains in time for breakfast Sunday morning; the sleeper can be entered at 9:30 p.m. Saturday night.

A return train will leave Catskill Mountain points late Sunday night, arriving in New York early Monday morning in time for business. This train will be appreciated and considered a great accommodation by business men who cannot leave New York early on Saturday afternoon, permitting them to spend Sundays with their families in the Catskill Mountains.



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## THE DERBY OF 1897.

The unusually well-informed race writer of the London "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" writes as follows on the great English turf event: "This year's Derby resolved itself into a match between the houses of Stockwell and Galopin. The first was represented by the sober, staying Galtee More, the latter by the speedy, but non-staying, Velasquez. I do not suppose that any one ever seriously thought of anything else, as a likely or even probable winner, and they were indeed a sorry lot to send to the post for a Derby. In the paddock, before the race, Galtee More looked beautiful. A really nice horse he is too, although, to be hypercritical, he may, perhaps, be better behind the saddle than in front of it. Still, although a big horse, there is no lumber about him, and he is a beautifully light mover, while if he looks, perhaps, a trifle short of bone, his legs are clean, and hard as iron, and he is very short from his knees to the ground. His quarters and thighs are absolutely perfect, and the way he gets his hind legs under him is a treat to see, while no one can fail to be struck with his honest, sensible head and face.

"Velasquez, too, looked as fit as a horse could be made. He was certainly pounds heavier than he was when he ran for the Two Thousand Guineas, and had lost all the overdone, dried-up look he had then. On the Derby Day he was bright and full of life, and the way he fought for his head in the preliminary canter clearly showed how well he was in himself. However, no amount of training or condition will make a horse stay if he cannot, and Velasquez once more showed us

that speed, not stamina, is his forte. As the two cantered up the course together before the race, it must have been quite apparent to any good judge of action which was the best stayer of the two. Velasquez's brilliant but rather fighting style was far more suggestive of sprinting than staying; while Galtee More, with his regular, machine-like action and powerful hind leverage, looked like going on forever. Whether he is really a stayer of the first water he had no opportunity of showing on this occasion, as he had won his race a quarter of a mile from home, and only had to canter home at his leisure.

"There were a few false starts, in all of which the favorite behaved like the perfect gentleman he is, and when the white flag fell Prime Minister was first away. The pace was terribly poor to the top of the hill, as was proved by the fact that Oakdene and Prime Minister made all the running up to that point. For some reason or another there had been an impression that Galtee More would not come down the hill well. As has so often happened in such cases, he did so better than anything else, and although he was only fourth when they began the descent, he was in front crossing the road. From that point he was allowed to increase his lead, and coming along in his calm, masterful manner, he soon placed a good gap between himself and Velasquez. The latter's speed, served as it had been by a slow run race, kept him at the head of the rest, but he could never get near the leader, who passed the post with his ears pricked, the easiest Derby winner ever seen probably since Galopin."

## BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

By command of Queen Victoria a State Ball was given June 11 at Buckingham Palace. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, the King of the Belgians, the Grandduke and Grandduchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duchess of Albany and Princess Pauline of Wurttemberg, the Duchess of Fife, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, with Princess Victoria, Prince Christian Victor, and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, were among those present. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with King Leopold, entered the Saloon shortly after eleven, when the dancing immediately commenced. The Princess of Wales wore gray satin embroidered in silver. Headress—a tiara of diamonds. Ornaments—diamonds and rubies.

## WOMEN AT CAMBRIDGE AGAIN.

"Placet or Non Placet," that was the question upon the memorable May morning of the 21st at Cambridge University, England. Were women to be admitted to the full honors of a university degree, or should they be contented with the Vice-Chancellor's certificate showing the place they had taken in the Tripos examination? The undergraduates had settled the question among themselves long before the voting had begun, and from the windows of their lodgings hung placards, setting forth in letters of scarlet, "Men for the Varsity, and the Varsity for the Men"; while from the windows of Caius College the linen scroll seen in the photograph, "Get you to 'Girton,' Beatrice! Get you to 'Newnham!' Here's no place for you maids!—Much Ado about Nothing," flapped in the morning breeze.

As early as midday the square outside the Senate House was thronged with undergraduates, and soon the fun began. A doll dressed in the rational costume, wearing cap and gown, not forgetting the inevitable pince-nez, was swung from some undergraduate's rooms across Trinity Street, and, and to relate, despite the academic costume, her golden hair was hanging down her back. Paper confetti soon filled the air and smothered the learned dons as they passed to and fro among the excited but jovial crowd.

Just as the first "Non Placet" drag drove up outside the Senate House yard, discharging a motley crew of clerics come up for the day to vote, the bloomer lady on her bike was launched amid shouts of laughter and the eager rushing forward of the snap-shot fraternity, who it is to be feared secured little more for their sensitized films than a few hands and arms waved triumphantly in the air. From that moment the scene became one of riotous but good-humored mobbing. The undergraduate forces—some three thousand strong—took "arms against a sea of graduates," and by bombarding them with fireworks in the Senate House green might have shortly achieved that "consummation devoutly to be wished," had it not been for the merry humor of a hoary-headed professor, who in his turn produced a rocket and fired it deliberately at the lady on her bike. A cheer went forth, and the bombarding forces turned their attentions to the New

## SICK HEADACHE! ALWAYS TRACE IT TO THE LAZY LIVER.

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Woman, greeting her with rotten eggs, oranges, and rockets, until the wheels she sat above grated, while the lady's head probably swam.

## RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

The Vienna correspondent of the "London Daily Chronicle" says: "The Emperor Nicholas has again written to the Sultan, urging him to accelerate the peace negotiations by renouncing demands with which it is impossible for Greece to comply. As a result of this letter, the Sultan has virtually accepted the terms of the powers, leaving only details to be settled." The Constantinople correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" says: "M. Zinoview, the Russian Minister to Sweden and Norway, has been appointed to succeed Count Nelidoff as Russian Ambassador to Turkey. This announcement has caused great surprise, as the appointment is believed to indicate a new departure in Russian policy."

## THE COAL MINERS FOURTH.

W. D. Ryan, State secretary of the Illinois Miners' Association, issued a notice June 30 that all work in the Illinois field would be stopped at once, and that a national suspension was a certainty. The miners in the Wilmington fields stopped work on the same date. Under the present scale they say they can make but nine cents an hour. The strike will affect twenty thousand Illinois miners.

A delegate convention of coal miners of the Pittsburg district was called for July 3 by District President Dolan, at which the miners were to decide whether or not a strike shall be begun for a higher rate. The call says all miners, organized or unorganized, will be entitled to representation. President Dolan said: "There will be no strike of miners at this time unless the convention decides in favor of such action. If a strike is inaugurated in the Pittsburg district there is no doubt that the miners in all other mining States will join in the movement."

It seemed that a general strike order was to have been issued, contingent on certain circumstances. These circumstances have not developed up to this writing, and the plans of the leaders were spoiled by the premature report that the order had been issued. There is a growing sentiment on the part of the miners to strike, and it is probable that but little coal will be dug in the Pittsburg district after the Fourth.

## THE TACOMA TANGLE.

The Union Savings Bank and Trust Company of Tacoma, Wash., has closed its doors and gone into the hands of a receiver as a direct result of the recent Supreme Court decision declaring a large amount of city warrants to be illegal. Judge Williamson appointed Charles Richardson to take charge. The bank was organized in February, 1891, with the late General William Sprague as president; Chester Thorne, vice-president, and A. R. Nichols, cashier. The capital stock is one hundred thousand dollars. The local deposits are small, the bank having been engaged chiefly in the purchase of securities of cities, counties, towns and school districts throughout

the Northwest. It owns fifteen thousand dollars of Tacoma general fund warrants and eighteen thousand dollars of City Hall fund warrants, the validity of which is thrown into question by the Supreme Court decision.

The bank will now ask for a rehearing in the Supreme Court, and will also sue the city for moneys paid for the warrants. Cashier Nichols says that every depositor will be paid in full when the warrants are realized on. He says the stockholders should receive the full value of their stock.

In the dispatches referring to the suspension of the Union Savings Bank and Trust Company as a result of the recent Supreme Court decision declaring a large amount of Tacoma City warrants to have been issued illegally, it was said that the New York Life Insurance Company held five hundred thousand dollars of the warrants, and would consequently be a loser to this amount. An officer of the company, however, said that the New York Life Insurance Company would not lose any money because of the decision of the Supreme Court. "The bank," he continued, "which guaranteed the loan is responsible to us, and its suspension has merely been decided upon pending the final decision in the case by the United States Supreme Court. The city has had the unliquidated benefit of the money, and there is little doubt that it will eventually have to pay the warrants."

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# COLLIER'S WEEKLY MAGAZINE

Vol. I.—No. 1.  
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NEW YORK, JULY 8, 1897.

Terms: One Dollar per Year.  
Two Cents a Copy.

## COLLIER'S WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

**I**N these closing years of the century nothing stands still. Everything must go—either forward or backward. Of the things that go forward, COLLIER'S WEEKLY has been foremost. To-day it announces an enterprise which more than maintains its reputation.

The new age is at hand. Already the electric thrill of its approach is felt. New and momentous ideas and discoveries follow fast upon one another's steps. We can no longer endure to linger among the shadows and ruins of the Past: our life is in the present, our gaze toward the future. The man of to-day is not found in the quiet alcoves of libraries; he has small leisure for the perusal of erudite essays and ponderous treatises; but inasmuch as to-day is the flower of yesterday, he feels that in snatching its perfume he sufficiently utilizes what has been, without handicapping himself in the race toward what is to be.

Therefore is it that the newspaper has reached its enormous vogue; it gives the news, and news is indispensable to us. But not in the daily paper alone has this need been recognized; the weekly journals (taking step from "Collier's") and the monthly magazines have turned their attention to what is and will be more than to what was. As for the quarterlies, their day is gone beyond recall.

In the inevitable competition, the daily paper has enjoyed certain obvious advantages. News which was in the air at midnight is printed with illustrations before dawn. Technicalities of manufacture have prevented the magazines from rivaling this promptitude. Their articles must be in type weeks or months before the magazine is issued. On the other hand, the magazine claims superiority in the selection and treatment of its topics: they are something more than the crude record of promiscuous facts. They are discussed, not by breathless reporters, but by men of light and learning. If they reach the reader later, they enlighten him more than the headlong announcements of the daily press can do.

In presence of this situation, the question arises, Can the undeniable merits of the magazine be combined with the indispensable qualities of the daily newspaper? The uniform reply has been that they cannot. Yet "Collier's" to-day answers in the affirmative, and presents its readers with the concrete proof of its assertion!

In COLLIER'S WEEKLY MAGAZINE the problem is solved. Here at last is a periodical in which the immediateness of the newspaper does not exclude the magazine's judicious selection and thoughtful handling. The achievement was made possible partly by the mechanical facilities which "Collier's" controls, and partly by the unequalled ability of the writers who constitute its staff.

The Webb Press, upon which COLLIER'S WEEKLY MAGAZINE is printed, is able to turn out the whole gigantic edition in a single day. The manuscript of the magazine, received at night, is on the night following ready for delivery to subscribers in printed form. The articles are written literally up to date. So far, COLLIER'S WEEKLY MAGAZINE is a newspaper. In what respect does it also deserve its title of Magazine?

It deserves it, because the articles which it contains are no helter-skelter outpourings of undigested and often trivial or untrustworthy facts, the production of nameless and overworked penny-a-liners; but are, on the contrary, the cream of the cream of the genuine news of the day, selected for its significance,

character and interest, and written with the force, the humor, the intellectual brilliance, and the lucid literary charm which render "Collier's" staff unique in journalism. The men are one and all past-masters in their profession; they are men not of letters only, but of the world; they are men whose sterling culture has fortified, not emasculated, their native good sense, clear thought, and pregnant speech. Out of the multitude of eminent writers, they are the chosen few competent to fulfill the arduous requirements of COLLIER'S WEEKLY MAGAZINE. Their work is already familiar to the vast army of "Collier's" readers; yet it may be expedient on this occasion briefly to pass them in review.

First is he to whom we are still permitted to refer only as The Great UNKNOWN. In the philosophy of practical politics, in the realm of literary criticism and culture, in broad and penetrating knowledge of men and things, we can compare him only with the greatest, and find none greater. To read him is a liberal education. His mind is like a serene but pervasive light, illuminating all it turns upon, and relating to one another all branches of human knowledge.

EDGAR SALTUS has been known for twelve years past as a man of wide, exact and curious knowledge, of powerful and realistic imagination, of piercing insight into human nature, and as master of an enchanting literary style. His wit is often as caustic as it is captivating; yet between the lines of all that he has written are legible a deep and catholic tenderness for humanity, and the aims of an unselfish charity.

EDGAR FAWCETT presents the rare combination of the poet, the novelist, the satirist and social philosopher, and the polished inmate of the clubs and drawing-rooms of society. He is not a writer only but a thinker—original, vigorous, independent, intrepid; he has the poet's hate of hate and scorn of scorn, but they are softened in him by the half melancholy humor and the alert sympathies inseparable from those whose insight is profound.

After contemplating men and their doings through JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S "Vitascope," I am prone to forget my breakfast or train or bills payable in wonder at the many new aspects in which Mr. Hawthorne presents matters which I supposed I had already seen quite fully. The quality of mind which can perceive meanings and relations that are missed by thousands who are fairly satisfied with their own mental vision is rare, for the sad reason that through this workaday world most of us move on a single line and therefore see only from a single point of view. It is Mr. Hawthorne's fortune, and that of his readers, that his experience and culture have been so broad that he can put himself in the place of any of a score of men. A man who can write a poem, novel or drama, build a railway, contend skillfully with puzzles of physics and metaphysics, teach an oarsman a new stroke, a pugilist a new blow, or a theologian a new meaning of an old fact, fraternize with all races, classes and conditions of men, and discern what is interesting in any of them—all of which the manipulator of our "Vitascope" has done—is naturally competent to show the rest of us innumerable things which, though having eyes, we see not for ourselves.

JOHN HABBERTON, nearly a score of years ago, wrote one of the sweetest and simplest tales of childhood ever penned. It endeared him at once to the readers of the whole civilized world. He who understands the heart of a little child may be said to command whatever is best in human knowledge. Habberton's experience of journalism has been life-long; as a

novelist he addresses a world-wide audience, and as a wise and well-equipped expositor of the themes of the day he is inimitable.

Such are the writers to whose hearty co-operation with the publisher COLLIER'S WEEKLY MAGAZINE owes its existence and success. It is the first in its field; and its subscribers may rest assured that it will set a pace which those who follow will be fleet indeed.

## IS THERE A LATENT AFFECTION FOR ENGLAND IN THIS COUNTRY?

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, the Canadian Prime Minister, in a speech made the other day in London said that, since he came to England, he had observed some misapprehension in the minds of public men respecting the latent sentiment of the United States toward what he was pleased to call their motherland. He did not hesitate, he said, to declare that the latent sentiment of the American people toward Great Britain was one of affection and reverence, though unfortunately, he added, there were still many causes of friction. Evidently Sir Wilfrid's remarks had the double purpose of pleasing his English auditors, and of gratifying those Americans who, for one reason or another, are sojourning in London, and who naturally desire to be looked upon as friendly to their hosts. The wish may, in this case, have been the father to the thought, for Sir Wilfrid is a Liberal, and, as such, is anxious to secure a reciprocity treaty from the United States, and his aim would, obviously, have more chances of fulfillment if there were, as he says, at the bottom of our hearts a feeling of affection for Great Britain.

There lurks a fundamental fallacy in Sir Wilfrid's reference to England as our mother country. At least one-half of the inhabitants of the United States are not entitled to see in England the land of their ancestors, and the other half have good reason to view her as an unnatural parent. At the epoch of the Revolutionary War, only the New England colonies and Virginia, and perhaps, we might add, Maryland, contained populations, which, but for the negro element, could fairly be described as homogeneous and of English descent. The Dutch were numerous, if not preponderant, in New York and in eastern New Jersey; there were a good many Swedes in Delaware; in Pennsylvania, from the time of William Penn, the Germans had constituted a large, prosperous and important element; there were many Huguenots in South Carolina; into North Carolina there had been from the outset a large inflow of Irishmen; and during the half century preceding the Declaration of Independence there had been a considerable infusion of Irish blood in Pennsylvania and even in Virginia itself. Especially was this the case in the last ten years of the colonial era; the Presbyterians of Ulster, finding themselves ground between the upper and nether millstones of Anglican political oppression and Catholic numerical preponderance, had emigrated in great bodies to the American plantations. It was they who formed so large and formidable a component of the Continental army—a component so large that an English major-general, testifying before a parliamentary committee on the conduct of the war, averred that half the American prisoners captured were of Irish birth. It is manifest that neither the Dutch, the Swedes, the Huguenots, the Germans, nor the Irish brought with them to this country any feelings of filial devotion to Great Britain; on the contrary, they detested her, and taught their children to detest her.

How was it, then, with the native Americans



of relatively pure English lineage; were their hearts wrung with remorse and sorrow at separation from the land whence their forefathers had come? On the contrary, it was they who resisted the Stamp Act throughout the thirteen colonies and spilled the tea in Boston; it was they who fought at Lexington and Concord; it was they who uttered the Declaration of Independence and who drove General Gage from Massachusetts; it was the two pivotal colonies, most purely English in respect of population, Massachusetts and Virginia, which forced the whole country into revolt. It was they, too, which had to bear the brunt of the war which they had made. In men, in money, in hardships, in sufferings, they contributed far more than their due quotas. It was they who, though they had a right to expect at the hands of their kinsmen the comities and decencies of humane and civilized warfare, were threatened by the Royal Governor of Virginia with the horrors of a slave insurrection, and had to encounter on the battlefield, not only the regular British soldiery, but the mercenary Hessian and the ferocious Indian of the Northwest frontier. The hellish massacre of Wyoming is an unforgotten memorial of the maternal spirit in which England undertook to coerce her fractious children. When the inhuman expedients to which the British government resorted, at the very time that on the European Continent war was conducted with chivalrous ceremony, brought the blush of shame to the cheeks of a few honorable Englishmen and provoked outcries of abhorrence within the precincts of St. Stephen's from such men as Chatham, Conway and Barré, it is no wonder that the iron entered into the soul of native Americans, and that they came out of the war with inextinguishable hatred of their British "kindred beyond sea." During our Revolutionary war the torch and the tomahawk were good enough for us in the eyes of those sham British knights-errant who had been so courteous to the French at Fontenoy.

The men, however, who had fought at Saratoga and Yorktown passed away, and there arose a generation which knew only by report of the insults and injuries inflicted on their fathers. Why did not the old enmity die out; why did not a feeling of filial regard, if any such were latent, show itself among Americans of English blood thirty years after the peace of Versailles? Because, unluckily for them, they were still only a weak people. It is for the mighty only that England reserves her amenities; for the weak she has only kicks and cuffs. The war of 1812, on our part, was simply the reluctant, long-deferred, and unavoidable outcome of an intolerable series of indignities and wrongs. Even now the blood of every true American boils at the galling recollection of the unprovoked attack upon the frigate "Chesapeake." During the ensuing contest, moreover, the English gave disgraceful proof of the fact that, if any sentiment of affection between the "motherland" and daughter State were latent, it was not on the maternal side. Almost in the very hour at which the Duke of Wellington at Paris was urbanely restraining the brutalities of Blucher and preventing the destruction of the "Pont de Jena," another British General at Washington was burning the Capitol, the White House, and other public buildings of the young American Republic.

Between the peace of Ghent and the outbreak of the war of the rebellion forty-five years elapsed. It was the grandsons of the men who had fought at Lundy's Lane and New Orleans who had to face the tremendous cataclysm of secession. During the interval the feeling of vindictiveness and antagonism experienced by Americans might have been materially softened but for the spiteful attempts of England to hem us in on our northeastern and again on our northwestern border, attempts which brought us to the brink of war. As it was, however, the loud professions of sympathy on the part

of English philanthropists and public men with our anti-slavery movement caused us to count with confidence on the good wishes, if not the overt co-operation, of the British government in our efforts to maintain the integrity of the Union, an integrity threatened only by the slave-holding power. There is no lack of men now living who know how that confidence was justified; the verdict of the arbitrators in the Alabama case was but a measure of the direct damages experienced by us through England's complicity in the outfitting of Confederate cruisers. For the indirect damages, involving the extinction of a merchant navy once equal to England's own, we have not yet been compensated, but, beyond doubt, we shall be, if we catch England once upon the hip. Of causes of friction there is still an abundance, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier unwillingly admits; provocatives will never be eliminated, so long as England keeps up great naval and military establishments at Bermuda, Halifax and Vancouver, establishments which can have no significance unless it be that of menace and aggression toward the United States.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier would need a fine-toothed comb to detect the traces of the latent affection for Great Britain which he imputes to the United States. When in December, 1895, Mr. Cleveland sent to Congress his Venezuela message, whereby he committed the country to war, unless Lord Salisbury should eat his words, and do what he said he would never do, namely, submit the boundary of British Guiana to arbitration, the vote in both Houses showed that the number of Americans in whom a sentiment of affection for their so-called motherland is latent constitute less than a third of one per cent of our population.

#### MR. MCKINLEY AND INTERNATIONAL BIMETALLISM.

THE opponents of the McKinley administration have insisted ever since the last general election that there was no sincerity of purpose in that plank of the Republican platform, which declared for international bimetallism, and promised to omit no executive or legislative measure calculated to bring it about. The assertion would have found believers, had Mr. McKinley chosen to postpone the bimetallic question until the middle or end of his term. He could easily have found a pretext for doing so, seeing that a readjustment of the tariff was the pressing business of the hour.

As a matter of fact, he has done nothing of the kind. His acts have borne out the honesty of the professions made by him before the election, and since repeated by him on more than one occasion. His selection of Mr. Gage for the post of Secretary of the Treasury was itself encouraging to those who are convinced that the European nations will respond to an earnest overture on our part, looking toward a rehabilitation of the white metal through an international agreement for the interchange of gold and silver at a fixed ratio. It was unquestionably known to the President, when he tendered the finance portfolio to Mr. Gage, that the latter in 1894 was one of about fifty of the leading business men in Chicago who formed a committee for the promotion of international bimetallism. The committee was organized, they said, for the purpose of promoting the establishment of international bimetallism upon the general plan of the Latin Union, but with a broader basis. Those concerned in the movement, while earnestly opposed to the free coinage of silver or to any increased use of silver by this country independently of international action and agreement, testified their belief that the repeal of the purchase clause of the Sherman act afforded a fitting opportunity for advancing the cause of international bimetallism. They believed, in fine, that the day is not far distant when the necessities of commerce will compel the international use of silver as well as

of gold in the currencies of the whole world. That, to be sure, was three years ago; but, if Mr. Gage has altered his opinions in the interim, he certainly has not avowed it, and we may be sure that a man of his character has not made, and will not make, any attempt to dodge the issue when it is squarely presented to him. It is, therefore, safe to assume that Mr. McKinley's Secretary of the Treasury is still an international bimetalist and that the movement in favor of an international agreement will have his hearty co-operation.

A second proof of Mr. McKinley's determination to redeem the pledge, which he gave to the American people when he cordially accepted the bimetallic plank in the Republican platform, was afforded only about a month after he entered the White House. We refer to his appointment of a special commission to visit Europe in order to negotiate an international settlement of the monetary question. The selections made for the commission constitute a conclusive guarantee of the honesty of the President's intention. Had he named for one of the three commissioners an opponent of bimetallism, or even some one suspected to be lukewarm in the cause, there would be some ground for the charge that he was only playing to the gallery. As a matter of fact, the head of the commission, Senator Wolcott of Colorado, has long played a leading part in the advocacy of international bimetallism, and, only some weeks before his appointment, had visited Europe in the rôle of an unofficial envoy to ascertain what hope there was of Europe consenting to consider the expediency of establishing a new monetary union, or of doing anything in the cause of silver. General Charles J. Paine, of Boston, the other Republican commissioner, though perhaps best known abroad as a member of the syndicate which built the famous cup defenders, "Puritan," "Mayflower," and "Volunteer," has, in fact, been long connected with transportation interests, is a director in some of the largest American railroad companies, and was an intimate associate of General Francis A. Walker, one of the most eminent authorities on finance in the United States, who, perhaps, did more than any other man to further the movement of international bimetallism. The Democratic member of the Commission, Mr. Adlai E. Stevenson, lately Vice-President of the United States, has been for many years a strong advocate of bimetallism. He was a supporter of Mr. Bryan and the Chicago platform during the last campaign, but he does not believe it possible for the United States, independently of the other nations of the world, to carry alone the weight of silver. It is recognized by the London *National Review*, and ought to be as frankly acknowledged on this side of the Atlantic, that the characters and records of the three commissioners prove more distinctly than anything else that they have not been designated for the purpose of throwing dust in the eyes of the bimetalists; that they have not gone abroad, in other words, with the preconceived idea of the impossibility of accomplishing anything, much less with a secret desire to encounter defeat. We have alluded to the *National Review*: that periodical, which, more than any other in Great Britain, is the organ of Lord Salisbury, has assured Senator Wolcott's commission that it may rely upon the zealous co-operation of the British government. The *Review* asserts that even Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is the only monometallist in the Cabinet, wishes to see a settlement of the monetary question. It seems that in a speech which he made last year Sir Michael declared that the British government are willing, nay anxious, seeing that there are evils in the present low value of silver and in the fluctuations of the ratio between the two metals, to enter into a conference with other countries on the subject. Since then, the National Agricultural Union, by far



the most important agrarian organization in England, has unanimously decided to include in its parliamentary programme the establishment by international agreement of a stable monetary par of exchange between gold and silver. The action of the ruling council of such a society is significant, and confirms the impression that the time is ripe for an international settlement. We add, that all classes in Ireland believe that they stand to gain by the restoration of bimetalism, and are awakening to their concern therein, as was proved by the remarkable meeting recently held in Dublin, at which a resolution in favor of international bimetalism was unanimously passed. It is true that public opinion in Great Britain is not ripe for the reopening of the London mints, which were closed to silver eighty-one years ago. Short of that, however, there is reason to think that everything that can be done will be done by Great Britain. Silver, for instance, may be made a legal tender up to a certain limit, and, what is of far more importance, the India mints, which have been for some years closed, may be reopened to the coinage of the white metal. What this step would mean is clear enough to those who know how very large a fraction of the world's annual output of silver used before the closing of the mints to flow to the Anglo-Indian empire, there mysteriously to disappear.

What prospects of success has the Wolcott Commission on the Continent? It is well-known that the Latin Monetary Union, comprising France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland and Greece, and which until lately coined silver at a fixed ratio to gold, is not extinct but only suspended, and may resume operations at any moment. The present Prime Minister of the French republic, M. Meline, is an avowed and active bimetalist, and the protectionist party, of which he is the head, shares his views upon the subject. Senator Wolcott and his colleagues have been received with the utmost consideration in Paris, and on Tuesday, June 29, M. Hanotaux, Minister of Foreign Affairs, gave them a luncheon at which all of the conspicuous French supporters of bimetalism were present. On this occasion the adhesion of France to the American movement was promised, provided the Berlin and London governments should also accept the proposal for an international monetary conference. At Berlin, whither the commissioners will presently proceed, they are certain of being backed fervently by the Agrarians and Conservatives, and their only determined opponents will be the Richterists. On the whole, the outlook is bright for a new international conference, which, unlike its predecessor, is likely to have definite and practical results. Let a fixed ratio between the precious metals be re-established through an international agreement, and the silver question will cease to figure among the political issues of the hour.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

BY JOHN HABBERTON,  
Author of "Helen's Babies," etc., etc.

THERE was a pleasing interchange of civilities between us Americans and some of the British on this side of the water over Newfoundland's celebration of Cabot's discovery of portions of the American coast. Our government sent our grand new battleship "Maine" up to Newfoundland to participate in the celebration, and the secretary of "Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee and Cabot Celebration Committee" thanks the Navy Department in behalf of the Newfoundland government and people and says "Newfoundlanders have a warm place in their hearts for Americans." As is said elsewhere in this paper, the people of the British colonies on this side of the water are peculiarly able to make Americans understood by Englishmen at home, and an incident like that above alluded to, with the friendly feeling manifested on both sides, will probably be as useful as an arbitration treaty in broadening the area of intelligent good feeling in the two countries.

A wise man of old wrote "The destruction of the poor is their poverty," and wise men of the present day are often impelled to add the clause "and their igno-

rance of methods of business." No single class of business enterprises—not even the savings banks—has done as much as building and loan associations to enable poor men to become their own landlords and to enjoy the sense of manliness and independence that comes of owning their homes. The proper and successful conducting of such associations would seem within the capacity of any men who understand simple arithmetic and simple accounts, yet there is no end of trouble in these societies. In the greater cities this can be, and frequently is, avoided at small expense by the employment of lawyers who have made the system a study, but for some reason the masses have an instinctive distrust of lawyers in general, and they regard honesty as the only necessary qualification of a business man. In the populous manufacturing city of Reading, Pa., such a man was found; he was also quite rich, and great-hearted, so about twenty building associations placed their entire affairs in his hands, but now that he is dead they find their accounts in a hopeless tangle, for the good man did not know how to keep accounts. Book-keeping is a dry study, but poor men can't afford to neglect it if they hope to become well off except through accident.

So frequently do items in rivers and harbors bills passed by Congress appear to be swindles, or at best "jobs" for the benefit of Congressmen's friends, that any notable exception deserves mention. A few years ago the people of Galveston, the principal seaport of Texas, desired a visit from a vessel of our new navy; as there was only about twelve feet of water on the bar at the harbor's mouth, one of the smaller gunboats was sent, yet even this little craft had to anchor eight miles from the city. Now the city's wharves might be reached by the six-thousand-ton battleship named for Galveston's State, for by the scouring force of the water of the Trinity River, narrowed by jetties extending several miles into the Gulf, a channel twenty-six feet deep has been made and maintained, and another harbor, accessible to all vessels but the very largest, added to the very small number on the Gulf Coast. The cost of this improvement has been about five million dollars—a large sum, truly, but more than this will be saved every year to the planters of Texas and the farmers of the Southwestern States, for deeper water means cheaper transportation rates for the surplus cotton, wheat and corn that go to Europe from that section, and this in turn means better prices at the farm or plantation.

For several years we have been told that the cattle-ranch business in the West is dead or dying, but the truth is that quite as many cattle are being raised out there as ever and the quality is improving. Some of the big ranches had to be abandoned, but they were mere squatter claims at best, the cattle being fed on government land, which they speedily made unfit for further grazing; but for every one of these that was discontinued scores of small ones were started by men who own their land, plant crops for cattle food, improve the breed of the herds, so as to grow larger animals, and they shelter their herds all winter—a wise precaution which was neglected on the great ranches. There is no reason, therefore, for the oft-expressed fear that the beef supply of the country is to lessen in quantity and increase in price with the abandonment of the great ranges. The old method lost through waste more than it saved on expenditures; the new will make beef more plentiful and cheaper rather than dearer.

The largest farm in the United States—or in the world—is on the site of some old cattle ranches, and it is not in the West either, but far down in Southwestern Louisiana. Cattle are still raised there, but carefully and on comparatively small tracts. The entire estate contains a million and a half acres, and is therefore as large as the State of Delaware and twice as large as Rhode Island. This land, which once was inhabited only by a few hundred herders, now contains thousands of well-paid laborers and produces immense quantities of corn, cotton, sugar and rice, which bring a hundred times as much money as the herds of old. It contains so many miles of waterway that the company has its own steamboats—so many of them that it has also its own shipyards, besides a number of mills. Such a transformation of mere grazing grounds is not something over which to be mournfully sentimental.

Canada is renewing her efforts to attract immigration, and is wisely calling attention to her Northwestern lands. It has been natural and inevitable that wide-awake immigrants settling near the northern borders of our older agricultural States have been tempted to cross to our side of the line by our better wages, nearer markets and better prices of farm products, but Canada's western territory contains resources, markets and shipping facilities that compare favorably with those of Oregon and Washington, and the population there is about as generally of English blood as England itself. Out there, too, they will have no heartburnings over our tariff restrictions on lumber, for our States to the south of them, unlike our Eastern States, have not exhausted their own supplies of first-class standing timber, nor are they likely to do so in centuries to come.

The Commission appointed by our government to brand the young male seals of Alaska has started for the Pribylov Islands, the shore home of the herd, and expects to brand forty or fifty thousand seals this sea-

son. This work is in keeping with our government's contention that the seals are national property—as much so as if they were a herd of cattle. Great Britain scouts this claim, insisting that the seal, like the whale, is a marine animal whose home is nowhere in particular. It is known, however, that the American herd, as it is called, keeps as a body in American waters, following a course between and around certain Alaskan islands which is as unchanging as that of the moon or one of the stars, and that departures from this course are by individual animals, for a few hours at a time, to obtain food. The branding system will compel some new concession by Great Britain, or will lead to more exciting differences over a question which is puzzling and absolutely unique in diplomacy; the fisheries question was simple by comparison.

By the next Fourth of July there will be at least one new Star to add to our flag, for Oklahoma will undoubtedly be admitted to Statehood by Congress at the next session. This new Territory already contains as many people as four of the newer States combined, and most of them are there to stay, for their business, unlike that of the inhabitants of the States alluded to, is not dependent upon the chances of gold and silver mining. Agriculture is Oklahoma's principal interest, and most of the soil is rich and well watered, so the stability of its population is assured. Probably, too, when the new State comes in the Indian Territory will go out of existence, for it is common report at Washington that under agreements now being made the Indians will abandon their tribal organizations, and take homesteads, and the land will be included in Oklahoma's boundaries. Excepting Alaska, which despite its natural wealth promises to remain a mere district, there will then be no Territories remaining but New Mexico and Arizona, both of which are quite as fully entitled to Statehood as some of the newer States of the Northwest.

It has finally been decided by high judicial authority that the estate of the late Jay Gould fell but a million or two short of seventy-five million dollars. Some millions of poor mechanics, farmers and professional men will regard these figures with envy, and those of socialistic theories will insist that most of this great fortune ought to be distributed among men who were not so fortunate. That Mr. Gould died in early middle age, of sheer exhaustion caused by the labor of trying to keep most of this property together and make it a source of profit—which at present it is not—does not occur to these critics, nor would any of them know what to do with their supposed share of the whole could they get it. The proper course with property which its owner does not understand and cannot manage is to sell it, but were the Gould properties put upon the market in any great quantity their nominal value would decrease as rapidly as a snow heap in an April thaw. Mr. Gould himself could not market it as he liked; it is no secret that with all his apparent wealth he had many periods of anxiety and wretchedness through lack of ready cash to protect his holdings.

It is generally known that the principal financial backers of the Cuban rebellion are the Cuban cigar-makers residing in the United States. These have given largely and systematically of their weekly earnings, the rate varying from a day's wages per week to not less than ten per cent of their wages. The larger bodies of these workmen are in Florida, at Key West and Jacksonville, and the cash collected at these places has supplied the insurgents with most of their arms and ammunition. If the report be true that the regular contributors have become restive and are "striking" against the assessment, the future of the insurrection will look dark. Outrageous though the rule of Spain in Cuba has always been, the non-Cuban portion of the world have helped the patriots but little except with sympathy. Fortunately for the cause, most of the soldiers and officers serve without pay and "pick up" their food in the country, but their effective numbers must depend upon the number of arms and cartridges that can be obtained; until they get enough of these to take the offensive in large numbers, their only hope of independence must rest upon yellow fever, small-pox, and recognition by the United States.

A single illustration of the industry with which our government has been preparing for coast defense is the report of work done at the Watervliet Arsenal during the business year that began in July last year. The output was twenty-three 8-inch rifled guns and twenty-five of 12-inch caliber. Any one of these pieces is equal for defense to an entire fort's armament of heavy smooth-bores, for the latter are useless against modern vessels except at very close range. The cost of firing a single shot from one of these big guns sometimes appalls the taxpayers, for it ranges from one hundred to three hundred dollars, whereas in old times a fort could fight busily all day with a thousand dollars' worth of ammunition. As, however, success in war consists in the amount of damage done to the enemy, the taxpayer may rest assured that the newer artillery will be the cheaper if occasion comes to use it, and that until then it will be invaluable as a deterrent of all foreign would-be bullies and thieves who masquerade as statesmen. The peace of Europe since the Russo-Turkish war has been preserved only by the great increase and improvement of armaments, all of which cost less than a single



war would have done, to say nothing of the saving of life.

The appointment of a new head for the Congressional Library at Washington is good occasion to correct the general erroneous impression regarding the Library itself. The name of the institution is misleading, for the contents of the magnificent building recently erected form, properly, a national library; Congress and its members have little or nothing to do with it except as to providing for its maintenance; each House of Congress has in the Capitol itself a library sufficient to its needs. The Congressional Library, so called, is the place of record and deposit of copies of all books, maps, pamphlets, engravings and other pictures published in the United States under protection of the copyright laws, and it is therefore the only entirely comprehensive collection of such publications in the land. The library contains also a great quantity of valuable books, manuscripts, etc., that have been purchased by the nation from time to time, and it is one of the causes of the remarkable recent increase of the population of the capital, for many general and special students have made their homes there because of the facilities afforded them by this great free library.

The appointment of Mr. John Russell Young as librarian of the Congressional Library has been much commented upon for political reasons, which have nothing whatever to do with the merits of the case and which, like political comment in general, have the fault of ignoring information which the people desire. It is therefore proper to say that Mr. Young has some highly desirable qualities for the position. His knowledge of the insides of books is remarkable; he is an omnivorous reader and he "goes through" a book, no matter how solid, with a rapidity that is the more wonderful to any one who may talk with him afterward and learn how successfully he has grasped the contents. His absorption in whatever work he may have to do is absolute and entire, and he has one of the rarest of executive qualities—the ability to get the most and best possible service from his assistants of every grade. His tastes are far more literary than political, newspaper talk to the contrary notwithstanding, and he will take to his new position some practical ideas which other prominent librarians will thank him for and of which they will probably make haste to avail themselves.

One day last week came the estimate, made by experts, that the Kansas wheat area and probable yield was far in excess of any preceding year, the gain having been made principally in the western counties. On the very same day came also a report that a hot, dry wind had come out of the West and utterly destroyed the corn and fruit crop of the western half of the State; the wheat escaped only because it was already ripe. It thus again becomes evident that despite the attractive stories told by railway companies and other land agents there is a portion of the West that never will be safe for agriculturists to venture into until it is provided with a comprehensive irrigation system. Western farms are the natural and sensible means of relief from the overcrowding of Eastern manufacturing districts, but a prairie farmer must have water as well as land if his estate is to produce anything but disappointments and rattlesnakes.

Not long ago this paper quoted the truthful statements made by the orator at the West Point monument dedication, regarding the chances that still remain open to the American "barefoot boy." An illustration to the point is the newly appointed Governor of Alaska, who was not only a poor boy but a street Arab of New York, having no home, and knowing not who were his parents. It is further reported that from a carload of boys shipped to the West nearly forty years ago he was selected as the ugliest, raggedest and most friendless of the lot. He is now a highly educated and accomplished gentleman; he became a minister and then a missionary to the Indians of Alaska, in which Territory he has resided for years, and it was through him that the East first learned of Alaska's great mineral wealth. He is not as rich as Barney Barnato became, but his career has been quite as wonderful as that of the "Kaffir King," as well as productive of a more enviable reputation, and gives the lie to the thousands of young men who complain that "all the good chances are gone."

When the time comes for the building of a high-class merchant marine for the United States there will be no trouble in finding the builders. Our shipyards, which until a few years ago constructed nothing larger than coasting vessels and an occasional steamer for the Pacific Mail line, have been brought to a high grade of efficiency by the building of our new navy, the ships of which are universally admitted abroad to be superior in strength, speed and equipment to the output of European shipyards. While allowing our Navy Department's designers full credit for all they have done, it is only just to say that the great speed of our new war vessels is due to modifications made, with the Department's consent, by the builders themselves, and that this ingenuity was in turn developed under the stimulus of high premiums paid for speed in excess of contract stipulations. The premium-paying system was recently abolished, but there is no likelihood of coming ships being slower than the older ones, for the government will hereafter exact the best speed attainable.

For many reasons it is easier to get speed from passenger and cargo boats than from naval models, so when we really must have transatlantic liners they will be sure to show their heels to anything afloat.

Our Canadian neighbors do not seem inclined to follow the mother country in respect of size of Cabinet. English custom is to take into the Cabinet all prominent men of whichever party is dominant for the time being, even if new positions, without special duties or portfolios, must be created for them. Canada has just raised two bureaus, those of the Customs and of Internal Revenue, to Cabinet rank, but to keep the Cabinet small the Department of Trade and Commerce is reduced to a bureau of the Finance Department. This does not imply a reduction of the official standing of the late department's head, Sir Richard Cartwright, who is probably as able a statesman as Canada possesses; for Sir Richard is to be the Dominion's High Commissioner to England, a position similar to that in which our own Benjamin Franklin made himself admired and respected before the war of the Revolution. It is the duty of the incumbent of the position to obtain for his colony all assistance desired from the mother country and to keep the mother from forgetting, underrating or oppressing her child—a duty for the discharge of which Sir Richard Cartwright is abundantly qualified.

There is great delight in the iron trade, as there should be throughout the country, over the placing in the United States of an order for seventy-five hundred tons of railway steel for India. As India is a British dependency and its railway builders are Englishmen, it is naturally supposed that all Indian orders for steel rails will go to England. Undoubtedly the British heart, even in trade, is full of patriotism, but this laudable quality gives place to conservatism when the region of the pocket is approached. The American rails were offered at a lower price than those of English mills, consequently the order came here. The cheaper price will be attributed to different causes by theorists: some will declare that "protection" brought it about, others will insist that the face of labor was ground cruelly, but the bottom fact is that the raw material—iron ore—is now vastly cheaper in the United States than anywhere else. Seventy-five hundred tons is not a very large order; it is equivalent only to about a hundred miles of lightly metaled single-track road; but there are many hundreds more miles of track soon to be laid in British territory.

Another and greater victory of American manufacturers over their English competitors is the placing in the United States of an order for four hundred miles of large steel tubing, or water pipe, to be used in Australia. This is the largest single order of the kind ever given in or by any country. The tubing is to be used to convey water to the rich but arid Koolgardie mining district; as the length of the line is great and the pressure of water will be tremendous the tubing must be of riveted steel plates and somewhat resembling steam boilers. Such tubing is made in England, France and Germany—nations having as able mechanics as any in the world—but somehow America got the order. It is worthy of mention, too, that when the late Colonel North of England, "the Nitrate King," became interested in the Koolgardie mining district and determined to get water for his own mines by boring, he sent his engineer over here for American tools and workmen.

Two torments of all States—convicts and bad roads—have been set to abating each other in North Carolina and the results are said to have been entirely satisfactory. The men were in better health and made less trouble while working than when idle in the prisons, and there was none of the customary complaint that convict labor was depriving honest men of work, for nothing would have been done to the roads had not the convict labor been available. The same experiment has often been made successfully in New England towns, the workers being the petty offenders in the local jails. The only objection to the system has been the extra cost of guarding the prisoners, but when the jailers were fit for their business no such expense was incurred. Were the system to become general, it would probably do more than any other "terrors of the law" to restrain the average of petty offenders, for this class hates and fears nothing so much as hard labor. As to the bad roads, they can be found anywhere.

Probably a lot of people in the State of Kentucky think it a shame and an outrage that about a hundred militiamen are kept from their families and their daily occupations merely that a colored man accused of murder shall not be lynched. A large number of people, however, in Kentucky as well as elsewhere will remain true to the old-fashioned ideas that justice is cheap at any price, and that a State which cannot and does not protect the life of its humblest citizen cannot be depended upon to protect any one else. Kentucky contains a bewildering variety of good soils, all-round men, handsome women and fine horses, yet it does not grow as rapidly as some States without half its resources and opportunities, and the lynchings and other lawless scoundrels have been the cause of this slowness of development. Law exists specially for the protection of life and property, and no locality in which it fails in its purpose can attract any outside element that is not lawless.

## TABLE TALK.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THE mystery of the murdered masseur, as elucidated by the arrest of the obstetrician, constitutes the most sensational chapter in the chronicle of strange crimes which we have had for a decade. It has been nuts for the newspapers. For the "Journal" it has been a triumph. The identification of the bath rubber and the apprehension of Mrs. Nack was due almost entirely to its initiative. The editor out-Byrnesed Byrnes. While the police were asleep, he was awake. Others concocted hypotheses, he sought a clew. And what he sought he got. In no time at all a headless, dismembered body was identified and the motive and the woman found. Vidocq never thought quicker. Gaboriau never unraveled a more intricate plot. A masterpiece in sagacity, the entire episode reads like a page from Poe.

It is possible—everything is—that Mrs. Nack may yet go free. For there is nothing, except figures, as fallacious as facts. The facts are there. They constitute a chain of evidence as beautiful in its perfection as any I remember to have beheld. But that chain is still but circumstantial. Evidence of this nature I admire. Concerning its value I have my doubts. In Maine, seventy years ago, a man was tried for murder. The motive, the weapon, the antecedent threats, the subsequent attempt to escape, everything even to the opportunity and the absence of alibi were shown. It was a clear case if ever there were one. Eleven jurors were for conviction, the twelfth talked them over. But not until he had argued them into a state of imbecility on the subject of circumstantial evidence and its inevitable perils. The defendant was acquitted. On his deathbed the twelfth juror confessed that the murderer was none other than himself. If the woman now under arrest is not guilty so much the better for her. But her acquittal will in no wise detract from the brilliance of editorial brains.

To those that have memories and who use them the present case will suggest that of Bohle and Unger—two men who were partners in a butcher shop near the Bowery. One day Bohle disappeared. When found he was at Baltimore, in a trunk and without his head. There was nothing else in the trunk except Unger's address. That led the police to it, and there they arrested him. Other evidence they had none. It was plain that a crime had been committed. It was possible, since Bohle had vanished, that the body was his. But identification in this instance was impossible. Bohle was not a masseur. Then, too, not the rumor of a motive could be got. At this juncture Byrnes stepped in. For two days Unger had been under lock and key, but under surveillance also. Gradually he was seen to weaken. Byrnes sent for him. In the passage through which Unger was led there hung from the wall a hatchet, a saw and a butcher knife. In the room in which Byrnes sat was a sofa, stained with blood, a table on which amputation had been effected, the trunk in which that body had been packed. Byrnes looked at Unger and never a word spake he. As for Unger, he looked at the exhibits. They were just as he remembered them. They were just as he had remembered them every second since he struck his partner down. He could not look at them long. He could not look at Byrnes either. His nerve was gone. He simply toppled over. When he revived he confessed. There was the triumph of mind over matter, the victory of a detective over the detected, "the third degree" successfully applied.

Six months ago there was cited here a bill, submitted to the Argentine Senate, which legislated everybody into matrimony. It was cited as a splendid example of freak enactment. The idea that it would pass never entered my head. But it has passed. Advice received a day or two ago announce that it has become a law. Listen to clause I. "Every male from the age of twenty to eighty shall pay a tax till he marries, and shall pay it once a month." There is a precedent for that in the Justinian code, which imposed a tax on the celibates of old. The celibates married just enough to avoid it, and then went about their business as before. It will be the same thing in Argentina. But listen to clause II: "Persons of either sex, who, without legitimate motive, reject addresses and continue contumaciously unmarried, shall pay the sum of five hundred dollars for the benefit of the person, male or female, so refused." What may be alleged as legitimate motive for rejecting addresses is not catalogued. It should be. Thrice armed is he who has his refusal just. Personally, I should regard my motive for rejecting addresses as quite legitimate if the lady's views on orthodoxy differed from my own. Yet the law might not uphold me and she might hold me up. Then, too, I should be very unwilling to receive attentions from any lady who wrote to authors for their autograph. There also I might be made to bite the dust. Ladies with such propensities could sue for my hand and sue me besides. At the same time, as I have no more intention of going to Argentina than I have of going to Asbury Park, it is merely the fact that such a law has been passed which occasions these remarks. But one thing is certain, it won't be copied here. Some time ago a clergyman in Topeka advocated



a measure as like this as two peas. It found no adherents. In one of the Western States an effort to increase population has been made by the facilities offered for setting those who are married free. It is curious that Argentina, with the same object in view, should go about it in just the opposite way. Both systems are bad, but which is the worse sociologists of the future shall determine. As the matter now stands, those whom matrimony attracts will find a pleasant hunting ground in Buenos Ayres; those whom it has ceased to allure can go to Sioux Falls.

The slump in bikes, however gratifying, is not a surprise. It was one of those things that was bound to come. But prices won't remain where they are. Already there is a rumor of trouble ahead. Unless a way is discovered by which the rubber industries can be increased, or unless new sources of supply are discovered, the manufacture of tires must cease. There will be nothing wherewith they can be made. The supply of rubber, always limited, is diminishing. Long before the era of biking began that supply did not equal the demand. Latterly the enormous development which, both here and abroad, the bicycle trade has assumed has increased consumption to such an extent that a positive famine is threatened. In the circumstances the parable of the Wise Virgins suggests itself. Sensible wheelmen will lay in a stock and the foolish ones will go hollow, or, more exactly, on foot, unless they happen to have the means and the inclination for horses. Historically, the first notice of india rubber was given nearly five hundred years ago by a companion of Columbus, who recorded the fact that the inhabitants of Hayti played a game with balls made of tree-gum. As an article of commerce, however, it remained unknown until the beginning of the present century, when attention was called to its utility for erasing pencil marks—hence the name india-rubber; india because of its discovery in the West Indies, and rubber because it rubbed out. But this is a case of rubbing in. One which wheelmen will do well to observe.

Dr. Lucas Champoiniere, whom the bicycle press declared to be an eminent authority, but of whom, ignorant brute that I am, never have I heard before, recommends bicyclists to drink on the wheel as much as they can comfortably swallow. He says, or is alleged to have said, that it is even important that they should. It may be unbecoming in me to differ with a physician whose remarks are being quoted all over the country, but nonetheless I will venture to observe that it has been demonstrated again and again that on, and even off the wheel, the less fluid a man consumes the better. That demonstration has done more for temperance than laws and lectures combined. How the bicycle has affected the liquor trade every one is aware. A man can't bike and drink whisky, he can't scorch and drink beer. Assuming for the moment that Dr. Champoiniere does not mean that he should, what is there left for him to drink? Cider, that is, real cider, sound cider, pure cider is in this region at least very hard to get. Usually it is doctored with such abominations of glucose as would make a gorilla ill. Coffee is not easy to get either, and even otherwise as a constant beverage it is rough on the nerves. It is the same way with tea. There remains then but mineral waters, which, to begin with, are insipid, and besides, barring a few varieties that of course are rarely to be had, they are injurious also. What is there left? What indeed except the Pierian spring, deep draughts from which I may commend to every one, but particularly to Dr. Champoiniere.

Mrs. Jane Martson, a lady residing in Honey Creek, Iowa, has had an adventure which I do not envy, but at which I should like to have assisted. A few days ago her husband heard her screaming in the garden. He picked up his gun, ran out and shot an eagle which had attacked her and which weighed seventy pounds and measured eight feet. I don't wonder she screamed. I should have too. I should have fancied myself beset by a griffin, or that I had become the prey of some Moa that had flown from the past. That animal, for it was surely more animal than birdlike, was taller than a camel. A brood of them, with wings outstretched, obscured the sky. The Maoris of New Zealand aver that at times they still hear them in the scrub, and, even if they don't, we know by the bones found there that their extinction has been of but recent date. Another colossal bird, the Epiornis, which formerly lived in Madagascar, was even larger. One of its eggs, now in the British Museum, has a liquid capacity of nearly ten quarts, and it took a hammer to break the shell. Marco Polo, who saw one, says that it was fashioned just like an eagle. "And it is so strong," he adds, "that it will seize an elephant in its talons, carry him high in the air, drop him so that he is smashed to pieces, when it swoops on him and eats him up. I wot not if there be another manner of bird as great." The Condor has been represented as a relative of this creature, but no living specimen will compare with the picture of it in Lane's "Arabian Nights," where it is represented as taking up three elephants, one in its beak, and one in each of its claws. Mrs. Martson's visitor was pretty big and yet but a mosquito in comparison.

It is a pity that in Greater New York's new Zoo there can't be so much as a specimen of any of these creatures or of any of the wonderful monsters of the past. There will be the usual hippopotamus of course, his intimate enemy, the rhinoceros, and with them perhaps a giraffe, certainly an alligator and other familiar beasts. But what are these compared to the beasts that were, beasts so strange that when we read of them now they seem as unreal as the imaginings of Chaldean myth. There was a Megatherium, for instance, a mole as large and as sturdy as a small torpedo-boat, which, not over two hundred years ago, used to burrow through the under earth in South America. Then there was the dragon, which we first encountered in the nursery, and in which we did not much believe, and would not now were it not for the fossil remains of the Iguanodon, a reptile as big and terrific as a steam engine. Then, too, there was the Hydra, that serpent with seven heads which Hercules is rumored to have slain, and which, though regarded as mythical as he, really existed, and in the Octopus exists to-day. That at least we might have and should have if this new Zoo is to be in any way superior to the menagerie in Central Park.

That is a sad little story which came from Kentucky a few days ago. At Bordley, in that State, the daughters of Joseph Milton were, with some other children, at play. The game was hide-and-go-seek. They found a trunk and got in. It was great fun. Their playmates hunted for them upstairs and down. They looked under the beds, searched the cellar, groped through every corner and pantry. When at last they found them they were dead, suffocated in that trunk, of which the lid in falling had fastened with a spring. There is mourning now in Bordley. And yet not more perhaps than once there was at Modena. There, in the palace of the Orsini, the Princess Ginevra, a girl of fifteen, was married to Francesco Doria, her playmate and lover. From the bridal feast, with a jest, she vanished. Throughout the palace and its gardens all that day and all that night her husband roamed and sought her. It was by accident, fifty years later, that in clearing old lumber from a gallery her skeleton and her jewels were found. She had hid in a chest which, like the trunk at Bordley, happened to have a spring-lock. Samuel Rogers, a forgotten poet, put the episode into blank-verse, and subsequently another forgotten poet, T. H. Bayly, told it again and told it better in a poem which he called "The Mistletoe Bough," and which it was once the fashion to recite in school. It is a pity that those little girls had not learned it.

That the Jubilee was the most spacious and splendid pageant of modern times all accounts agree. To find anything to surpass it you would have to go straight back to Imperial Rome. The old potentates had their celebrations too, but they were commemorative not of years, but of triumphs, and such they were called. By comparison the recent function, however superb, was trite. The one which Titus enjoyed after the sack of Jerusalem and the butchery of a million Jews threw Rome into convulsions. For sheer beauty it had been unequalled since the return of the Conqueror of Gaul. On that day Suetonius says that the entire Via Sacra—the Broadway of Rome—was curtained with silk. Through it the prodigious booty passed, chariot after chariot filled with gems, and with them panoramas of conquests, pictures of battles, images of gods disturbed, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Captive Ocean in massive gold; a great stretch of ivory, on which shone three words, each beginning with a V; the glitter of the three thousand diadems which were the tribute to him who had come, who had seen, and who had conquered. When they had gone, the street was alive with explosions of brass, aflame with the burning red cloaks of laureled victors, making way for the coming of Caesar, while to the rear, for miles and miles, there rang the laugh of trumpets, the click of castanets, the shouts of dancers, the roar of the multitude, the tramp of legions, and the cry caught up and repeated, *Io Triumphi!*

I did not see that procession any more than I saw the one in London, and the question as to which was the more gorgeous, future historians may decide. But that in the subsequent revels the triumph exceeded the jubilee there can be no contention at all. At Buckingham Palace there were balls and banquets, in the different parishes there were dinners for the poor, there was a gala representation at Covent Garden and various side shows which it must have been a pleasure to behold. But what is all that in comparison to what occurred in Rome? In London the average spectator had to have a long purse to see or to participate in anything. In Rome everything was free. And not only was everything free, but there were gifts to every one. Tables were set in the Forum. Falernian circulated in amphorae, Chios in barrels. When the populace was gorged there were the red feathers to enable it to gorge again. In the circus the flower of the nobility held the reins. Entrance was free. In the amphitheater there was a combat and a real one, infantry against cavalry, a combat which indemnified those who had not seen the massacres in Gaul. There, too, entrance was free. Across the Tiber, in an artificial lake, the flotilla of Egypt fought against that of Tyre. To see it you had but the trouble to go. There were no speculators in seats. Rome entertained

her children as only a mother can, in a fashion rather barbaric perhaps, but none the less splendid for that. Where London eclipsed her was in the manifestations of modern progress. For sixpence you could purchase a policy insuring you against sneak thieves and burglars while you were viewing the sights. There is a feature entirely jubilant and utterly unencounterable in triumphal Rome.

Miss Susan Strong has, it is reported, scored a recent and real success at Covent Garden. I am glad of it. First, because she is a charming young gentlewoman; second, because she is a Greater New Yorker; third, because there are few *prime donne* whom we can claim as our own, and particularly because of her debut. It was last winter, in "Faust," that she made her first appearance here. But she looked more like Priscilla than Marguerite, and seemed more afraid of the audience than of the tempter. That, in a measure, I could understand. Faust did not sing, he bleated. He reminded me of nothing so much as a bearded lamb in a doublet. Between them the garden scene, instead of representing the fall of an angel, interrupted by a demon's joy, became amateur theatricals. In that song of love which, through sheer rapture, mounts from the earthly to the ideal, he squealed and she shouted. It was entertaining of course, but hardly artistic. In the circumstances it is gratifying to learn of her success abroad. It was bound to come sooner or later. Behind manifest defects she displayed—particularly in dramatic music—a soprano voice of great beauty. But that that success should have come sooner rather than later it is a pleasure to record. Miss Strong is to appear here again next winter. In view of the strides she has made I wish her then a better house, a better tenor, and, incidentally, a better dressmaker than she had last year.

## MEN MANNER MOODS

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

XLVII.

AN Italian lady, the Princess Mele Barese, has lately made a public newspaper appeal on behalf of the Naples Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This humanitarian lady is an Englishwoman, and is nearly related, I believe, to that brilliant versifier, Winthrop Mackworth Praed, whose witty and delicate felicities in rhyme have so strongly influenced Calverley and Mr. Austin Dobson. The Princess is terribly unsparing in her statistics for the previous year. They run as follows: "Carts to which other animals than horses were attached, 44,321; confiscated sticks used for beating, 34,563; stakes used for beating, 6,448; spikes on curb-chains, 597. Convictions: working in an unfit state, 957; beating, etc., 901; overloading, 424. . . I shrink from writing of horrors," adds the Princess, "but to give your readers an idea of the fearful cruelty with which we have to deal, I will mention that of the drivers convicted for beating, eleven had knocked out their animals' eyes, and four had beaten their horses until they fell dead in the street." The society still meets, we are furthermore told, with little sympathy from the Italians, and is supported almost entirely by American and British money.

This should be cheering transatlantic intelligence, however agreeably it affects dwellers on the "tight little isle." I remember that the late Mr. Henry Bergh was openly sneered at in New York when he began his eleemosynary career. But he lived to make himself widely respected, and died full of honors. Of course physical chastisement is necessary with all animals. They cannot otherwise be made obedient, and to inflict a certain amount of pain upon them is needful for those who most wisely wish their welfare. But losing one's temper with them—well, that instantly verges on barbarism. As for the killing or mutilation of any dumb animal whatever, this should be regarded as a kind of manslaughter, which it undoubtedly is, and should be punished, in aggravated cases, by long imprisonment. About ten years ago the most shocking incident occurred in what are called the highest circles of New York society. A certain man and his wife were in constant state of turmoil, and one day, it chanced, they entertained a number of guests at dinner, with the idea of a theater-party to follow. On that day a particularly severe quarrel had occurred between them. During dinner the husband brooded and sulked, glowering across the table at his wife. This was unpleasant for the assemblage, but something still more unpleasant was fated to happen. Later, when the ladies and gentlemen were in the outer hall, prepared to enter their carriages for the theater, a little pet dog came scrambling and barking toward the hostess. Her lord and master (agitated by heaven knows what impulses of marital wrath and spite) suddenly leaned forward and struck the little dog so violent a blow with his cane that it dropped dead there in the hall. Horror and disgust, as I need not say, ensued. The theater-party was not given up, but everybody who had dined at that



house that night helped to bruit the shameful story abroad next day. Mr. — never recovered from the odium of it, and his pangs of mortification were doubtless both frequent and genuine.

Thousands of parents exist to-day—one might better have said hundreds of thousands—who believe in corporal punishment for their children as firmly as they believe in it for their horses and dogs. And yet time has "honored" few more infamous fallacies than that of "spare the rod and spoil the child." It might well be altered to "spoil the rod and spare the child," since more children have probably been ruined in disposition by what are called "good, old-fashioned whippings," than imagination can compass. Science has now made clear to us that the lower animals possess reason, and on this question there is no longer a shadow of doubt. The elephant is ratiocinative, and so is the ant. But man, who dominates the entire animal kingdom, does so simply by a superior force of reason which differs from that of elephant or ant only in degree, not at all in kind. We, the species called Man, are in eyesight, hearing, scent, fleetness, muscularity, and a few other traits, far below certain kindred members of the one immense general class to which we belong. Whether we possess "immortal souls" or not, I leave entirely to theology, and have no wish or intent here to discuss. But with cerebral powers almost measurelessly above those of every other living creature on the globe we are, beyond all doubt, gifted. Hence we are also empowered with thoughts and emotions peculiar to ourselves. You administer blows to a dog and he may snarl and wish to bite. But in the end he admits the mastery of your discipline, and feels no resentment. So with every other animal except man. The child, on the other hand, is a microcosm of all maturer passions. It has not only resentment, but a sense of revenge. It has brute rage, but it also has human dignity. It has funds of coarseness, but it also has funds of sensitiveness. It can love and it can hate, and it can do each with a certain unique separateness and selection. Its young brain is like the mechanism of a watch, though infinitely finer. Jar this mechanism by rude treatment and you can have no conception what exquisite and subtle inner adjustments you are disturbing. Those parents who have no "time" to tell children of their faults otherwise than by "flogging" and "thrashing" them, or even by that cowardly parental compromise of the "box on the ear," are not fitted to beget children. You cannot argue with the lower animals; you can with a child. You can punish a child, too, and in many most telling and memorable ways. But to inflict upon it bodily chastisement is at once to stain your self-respect and imperil its own. To strike a child at all is bad enough; to strike it in anger is criminal. The more degraded men and women are, the more they are always prone to "whip" or "spank" their children. And for those parents who have not fully realized the immense and holy responsibility of their relations toward their children—for those parents who have not studied, or from causes of incessant distracting toil, have been unable to study, this tremendously important matter—there is still no excuse, nowadays, no conceivable excuse whatever, in yielding to any method of governance which the taint of early savagery soils. I honestly wish, for my part, that there were laws and prisons waiting every man or woman who struck a child. And to those who would urge in self-defense, "Oh, we've got other things to do than busy ourselves with these new-fangled notions of bringing up children," I can return but one answer, which is this: "If you have other things to do than properly treat your children after you have brought them into the world, then take the advice of Malthus and John Stuart Mill. Look to it that you have 'other things to do' than bring children into the world at all."

Right-minded men can never too ardently express their loathing and disgust for dueling. It flavors of precisely the same atrocity as lynch-law, and when we find it in civilized countries it is all the more horrid than lynch-law because it has not a shred of excuse for being. In France it is legally forbidden, and yet practiced with great frequency. But the authorities wink at it, and no doubt for the reason that they consider it harmless in its present modes of manifestation. Certainly it is harmless, or nearly so, to judge from all the recent accounts of Parisian duels. For example, there is a portrait of a certain young French poet, the Comte de Montesquiou-Fézensac, now on exhibition at the picture-show of the *Champ de Mars*, painted by Boldini. The Count is portrayed with a cane in his hand. This monstrously important fact led to a duel with swords between the original of the portrait and M. Henri Regnier, also a poet. But the latter bard, as it seems, was compelled to fight by proxy. His wife and his sister-in-law were reported to have said unpleasant things about this counterfeit presentment, "over yonder," below the shadow of the Eiffel Tower and the Trocadero. These remarks were made, it is gossiped, at a gathering given by the Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild. To "Le Temps" M. de Montesquiou has sent this version of the ghastly injury inflicted:

"The incident arose in a salon where all those present were my friends, and where M. de Regnier was invited with the intention of being agreeable to me. As

the object of the gathering was to admire an artistic collection, the conversation naturally turned upon art. What was my surprise to find among some of the company in this friendly gathering an evident intention to be unpleasant toward me. Mdlle. de Hérédia and her sister, the wife of M. de Regnier, under the pretext of discussing my portrait, painted by Boldini, in the *Champ de Mars Salon*, which represented me with a stick in my hand, thought proper to make sarcastic remarks about the use of sticks at the Charity Bazaar.

"I could not allow such remarks to pass unnoticed. I called on the Comte de Dion and M. Maurice Barres, and asked them to demand satisfaction by arms of M. Henri de Regnier. What would you have me do? As long as the 'question féministe' is not settled I shall always consider the husband or nearest relative responsible for the random speaking of a wife or female relative."

Well, the duel took place, and one of the contestants received a slight scratch on the wrist. Blood had flowed after the second terrific sword-bout, and though it had flowed in small quantity, that was enough. "Honor" had been satisfied, and principals, seconds and attendant physicians retired from the field. This was ludicrous enough, but after the first passage-at-arms something still more ludicrous had happened. The seconds of one of the adversaries were on the point of claiming that the duel should be stopped, because they were doubtful whether their principal had not really received a sufficient abrasion of the skin on his wrist to go under the name of actual blood-letting! . . . All this reminds me of a paragraph which I saw, not long since, in some English or American comic paper. "If these dueling Frenchmen are not more careful," it ran, "a really serious accident will some day happen." . . . Perhaps the French duel is dying gradually, like this, in a *reductio ad absurdum*. But it should be quite stamped out, by now, as it is in England, with her memories of infamous bullyings, persecutions and premature deaths caused by its accursed "code." Just as it is, I may add, in America, where for a while it hideously thrived and where our native sense of humor has been perhaps the most potent of all factors in its complete annihilation.

Now that New York has become the second largest city in the world, there should be some sensible discussion on the subject of changing her name. When she was almost a village certain of her residents called her after an old cathedral town in the north of England, just as the early Dutch settlers had previously called her after a drowsy old town in Holland. To "Amsterdam" as to "York" was prefixed "New," and either title, in those vanished years, had but slight import. To-day, however, the case is different indeed. Heaven knows, our enormous metropolis is ugly enough to the eye. Whole acres of her are so depressingly ugly that even our beautiful Central Park and our Riverside Drive and our West End Avenue, and a few other such localities (though a very few, as I state with much regret) gain added charm by the force of contrast. But the years will no doubt vastly improve her, and while they work their merciful changes they should do so with a nominal accompaniment worthy of their felicitous results. Why will not the many subscribers to COLLIER'S WEEKLY send in their suggestions concerning a new name for New York? The present one is unpicturesque, wholly meaningless, ill-suited to all literary mention and especially out-of-place in all poetic mention. London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Chicago, San Francisco—these are all good, dignified mouthfuls of sound. But New York!—could anything stick in one's teeth with a tougher clutch? If the noun and adjective could be written as one word, like Newcastle or even Newport, it would be infinitely better. But how petty a word would be "Newyork," thus treated! It would secure in insignificance what it lost in vulgarity. Personally, I would venture to propose MANHATTIA. It is more musical than "Manhattan" and has about it a touch of the proper augustness. . . . And so, I have cast my vote: will not others follow it? Anything is better than "New York," and I have slight doubt that something may be hit upon even better than MANHATTIA, of which I confess that I am very fond.

True to his word, my Minnesinger has given me the opposite side of the question. After his turbulence and frenzy in the "Chorus of Unthinking Toilers," this "Chorus of Thinking Toilers" must ring for conservative ears with somewhat refreshing notes. Only the grossest selfishness, I should say, will disagree with its general estimate of a piteous yet problematic situation. I cannot help feeling rather pleased with my Minnesinger's work, and I have frankly told him that if he goes on like this he will bid fair to become an actual Meistersinger. "There is a certain clique of critics, both in America and England," I have just said to him, "who insist that Poetry and Intellectualism are sworn foes. Nothing, in my belief, could be more mistaken than this claim. If you rob poetry of thought, and leave it only emotionalism, you at once place it among the lower arts, like Painting, Music and Sculpture, which are emotionalism alone. Poetry, it should never be forgotten, is Literature, and Literature is the highest form of art known to mankind. It is the highest because it can partake of all the others, in their effects of

color, form and sound, while still retaining its one inalienable prerogative of mentality, cerebration, the wondrous working of the human brain. We say of a picture, 'Yes, it is good, but it is too literary for painting.' We say of certain music, 'It is fine, but it tries to do more than music has a right to do—more than merely to intrude the sensibilities and vaguely yet profoundly move the soul.' We say of certain sculpture, 'It is admirable, but it is too concrete and not sufficiently abstract.' But of literature we can never reasonably say, 'It is too thoughtful; it displays too much evidence of the writer's faculties for reflection, introspection, observation.' And when we say this of poetry, which is the sovereign expression of literature, we are never at all secure in our dictum unless we can conscientiously add that intellect has not been associated in sufficient degree of intimacy with feeling, with passion." If my Minnesinger has failed to conform with these rules, which are to me rules governing inflexibly the highest kind of poetry, then the fault must be visited on his own head by those who have the mood and the moment to peruse his "Chorus of Thinking Toilers":

We scorn the insurgence of that shriek  
Which far too oft is flung  
From feverish lips that only speak  
With acrimonious tongue.  
No more we crave, no more we plead  
Than Justice would herself concede.

Respublica, thy land is hot  
With hates of ravenous rage;  
The laborer loathes his drudging lot;  
He loathes his vassalage.  
He learns at last his own large power;  
He longs to make his tyrants cower.

Yet we, rough labor's burly brood,  
That bow before thy throne,  
The murderous paroxysmal mood  
Disfavor and disown.  
We rate as weapons weak and slight  
Incendiarism and dynamite.

At learning's font stray draughts we've drank,  
Yet sweet as May's mild rains;  
Deep in our thirsting souls they sank  
And vitalized our veins.  
Invaluable the draught to us  
For its ennobling stimulus!

The rare elixir cleared our glance,  
Like sunshine scattering snow,  
Mankind must cope with ignorance  
And lay its cohorts low.  
Life has no genii, luck no elf  
To help him till he helps himself.

'Tis vain to dream our freedom's day  
Fortuitously shall rise;  
Millennial morrows long delay  
The bloom of their bright skies.  
From darkness and turmoil are drawn  
The peace and splendor of their dawn.

A century since, beyond the sea,  
Our motto and watchword flamed.  
Of Liberty, Equality,  
Fraternity 'twas framed.  
Where battle and massacre prevailed  
It towered unsoiled and unassailed.

But though man's mind hath striven to free  
His fate from creeds unsound,  
Though liberty and equality  
In largess he hath found,  
Still doth fraternity remain  
Thus far his unaccomplished gain.

Sweet thoughts of help may haunt his ken,  
But these coarse interests gloom;  
Men do not love their fellowmen,  
Howe'er they so assume.  
We paupers, prospering by their aid,  
Know just how grudgingly 'tis paid.

They love us not; their happier lives  
Are swayed by severing powers;  
They love their parents, children, wives,  
As we in turn love ours.  
Why blame their souls if unenticed  
By the grand altruism of Christ?

That vigorous and divine unrest  
Obeys but one clear call.  
Spontaneous throbs it in the breast,  
Or fails to throb at all.  
More firm than subterranean gold  
The future doth its fires enfold.

Rich beauty of its unrisen day,  
While time's tides onward sweep  
Our children's children's children may  
Inestimably reap.  
For us the hid seeds torpid cower;  
For them shall blaze the effulgent flower.

"They serve who only stand and wait,"  
Sang Milton, long ago.  
Our toil is harsh, our need is great;  
Our trust in heaven ebbs low.  
We wait, yet ah, not idly stand;  
We bow tired back, ply wearied hand.

Complaint is fatuous; wrath even worse;  
Revolts fresh wrongs evolve;  
We can but hope the unholy curse  
In blessing may dissolve;—  
In bounteous blessing without flaw,  
When Love grows universal Law!

I referred, last week, in my mention of Mr. Robert Buchanan, to that gentleman's anonymous essay, written under the title of "The Fleshly School in Poetry." This essay was leveled at Morris, Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne, and long after its authorship had become public



property, Mr. Buchanan, if I mistake not, made ample apology to the latter poet by dedicating to him a book and making his dedication teem with repentant eulogy. This was wholly right and proper. Mr. Swinburne, twenty years ago, had chosen to identify himself with Morris and Rossetti by two of his ill-advised and rapturous panegyrics in "The Fortnightly Review." He called Morris splendid names, and he genuflected, in his well-known rhapsodical way, before the author of "The Blessed Damosel." And now Rossetti is dead, and we rarely hear of him any more, and our grandchildren, it may safely be said, will know him scarcely better than we know Lovelace and Surry and Donne. For Rossetti, though he succeeded in fascinating a great lyrical poet like Mr. Swinburne, was himself hardly a poet at all. He has been called a reviver in English of the Italian Renaissance school. There was never a more pronounced critical blunder. He was an Englishman with an intensely Italian name, and I question if he ever spent a day in Italy. He certainly never saw Florence, the town of whose enchanting associations and memories he was always so fond both of writing and painting. He wrote many sonnets which have been said to resemble those of Petrarch, but which do not resemble them in any way whatsoever. Petrarch wrote with extreme simplicity, and with a boyishly unrestrained passion. The sonnets of Rossetti are the essence of all that is elaborated and unspontaneous. You feel that hours and hours have been given to their composition. They abound with affectations of the most unpardonable sort. Their bad rhymes are not like those of poor, dear old Whittier, nor yet are they pathetically reckless, like those of Mrs. Browning. They are deliberately bad, with the attempt to get out of them some new "archaic" result. Rossetti was born a poseur, an attitudinizer, and such rôle he never forsook. There was never anything more ridiculous said of him than that he was "Italian." If he had an actual thought he twisted and turned it in such a way that it performed a *danse du ventre*, and then, having made it wriggle and squirm and gyrate to the utmost extent of his ability, he was seemingly satisfied. The "stained-glass attitude" of Mr. Gilbert ought to have hit him like a sharp-shooter's bullet, and probably it did. His poetry, at its best, is Luca della Robbia majolica put into iambs and trochees. His "Blessed Damosel" is the most spineless and anemic piece of verse that ever acquired any appreciable vogue. Insincerity teems in almost every line that Rossetti wrote. His manner is easily imitated. One can write, *currente calamo*, imitations of what he himself rashly believed were imitations of Sixteenth Century Italian lyricism. As, for example—

I met a lady in whose brows  
Love's very self had made his house,  
A lady of white soft supple throat,  
Of eyes where heaven did fleet and float,  
Of lips the body and soul of Love  
Might swoon while he had quaffed thereof,  
A lily of ladies, proud and tall,  
Yet dowered by meekness therewithal.

The trouble with Dante Gabriel Rossetti was that he could never see beauty except in a kind of crooked and myopic way. He had a sense of beauty, but either this constantly betrayed him or he constantly betrayed it. He failed as a poet, and his epitaph will never be more comprehensively written than it was by the late J. Addington Symonds, who called him "too heavily perfumed." He is indeed so heavily perfumed that a plethora of musk is not more endurable. Pre-raphaelitism was always a movement with a mightily humorous side, but Rossetti, in his inability to detect a gleam of humor there, often cuts a forlornly ludicrous figure. Posterity, relentless posterity, which never argues, never pities and never forgives, will simply label him as "queer." Even admitting that he did "revive" early Italian feeling in poetry—a verdict from which I utterly dissent—he is unrepresentative of his century to a degree that passes words. He bears the same relation to Tennyson that the Dying Gladiator in the Roman Capitol bears to one of those little figures they will show you in the Florentine Pitti Palace, deftly wrought by Benvenuto Cellini—a St. John, let us say, with a rock-crystal head, a chalcidony gown, a pair of chrysoprase hands, a shock of choice agate hair, and perhaps a girdle of rubies. . . . I was never more struck by the completely bastard art of Rossetti than when I saw two or three of his paintings at the National Gallery in London. They were all palpable imitations of Botticelli—a painter so entirely the superior of Rossetti that to class him with the wonderful Italian artist I have just named is like saying Shakespeare resembles the late Bartley Campbell. Botticelli, whose greatest picture is perhaps to be found in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, was a marvelous master of technique, and a genius who wrought his Madonnas and adoring attendant virgins with a curious subtlety and sweetness considering the remote period of merely blind plety in which they were produced. But Rossetti's preposterously long-throated virgins! They are almost too ludicrous to be called offspring of an admiration for the great master who evidently "inspired" them. They are groups of women with hideously unnatural necks, in postures of the most pitiable self-consciousness. They make you wonder why they are thus wreathing and writhing, since photography was not invented in their medieval period (Rossetti is always either "medieval" or nothing), and they

have so decided an appearance of being "arranged" for the peculiarly artificial demands of some well-adjusted camera.

The other day I asked an American lady if she spoke French, and with smiling confidence she answered me, "Oh, yes, I rattle it." Later it became plain to me that she did. And yet her French was not French at all. Like that of so many Americans and English, it was merely the ghost of a beautiful and very comprehensive language. What she spoke so glibly was grammatical, but in the main quite unidiomatic. She could "say" anything that she wished to say, but her first sentence, notwithstanding a fairly good accent, made her nationality instantly clear. She was unconscious of this fact, and her unconsciousness rendered volubility all the more amusing. She did not think in French; she thought in English, and translated her concepts into the Gallic tongue. There were no raw blunders; there were indeed no actual blunders whatever; and yet everything that she uttered (except an occasional ordinary phrase, like *ga va sans dire* or *ga saute aux yeux*) was devoid of the least native flavor. I begin to think that of all languages on earth French is the most difficult to acquire. Its accuracy is wondrous; science has no keener and more luminous medium for expressing the exactest meanings. On the other hand, its delicacies of light and shade, its capacities for making triviality winsome and flippancy delicious, are almost infinite. The elastic qualities of French are astonishing, yet not more so than those of condensation and succinctness. There was never a language with so vivid a genius of its own: one sometimes feels as if it were almost wholly made up of phrases. One of its greatest charms, I have found, is its capability of intense terseness with richest color. Then, too, it is a language that is perpetually growing. In this respect it reminds you of some great shoreland stretch, where the waves are forever washing up new sand-drifts, and what was yesterday an inlet has to-day become solid beach. In almost every fresh work of French Belles Lettres that you light upon, you find words that are not in the dictionary quite yet. They will soon be, but like *jeunes filles* they are not yet presented to the great world. As a consequence of this incessant system of development, the best French authors give an enormous quantity of time to their ways of saying things. The idea alone will not do, as it is made to do with so many of our own writers. It must be robed in a gown of new cut and enticing tint; it must be bonneted and gloved and booted to perfection; and, moreover, the faint fragrance that floats from its garments must vary in witchery of aroma as do the flowers of the field themselves.

I observe that the Marquise Lanza has concluded to leave Washington and again live in New York. A "mutual friend" informs me that Madame Lanza greatly prefers New York to Washington, and is glad once more to live "in a city." This strikes me as strange, for I should have supposed Washington life (of which I am wholly ignorant) to be peculiarly full of stimulus and zest. Perhaps the loss of her husband in our capital has made Madame Lanza once again yearn for the town in which so many happy hours were passed with him. Her father, Dr. William A. Hammond, from whom she inherited her mental gifts, is not only one of the most remarkable physicians of his age, but a man of extraordinary general culture and keen literary taste. For a long time Dr. Hammond lived in New York, possessor of the house now occupied by Mr. Chauncey Depew. Then, shortly after his second marriage, he removed to Washington, where his home, I am told, is princely. Connected with it is an immense sanitarium for those of his patients who require the doctor's constant supervision. Thousands of people owe deep debts to Dr. Hammond. If ever a man of medicine was gifted with absolute genius, that man is he. In myriads of cases he has laid his hand on just the one weak, ailing spot. An eminent New York physician who went to him for sciatica, told me that he considered his diagnosis amazing. Now, of course, his reputation is immense and beyond all cavil; but I remember the time when he had his detractors, who talked of "mere luck" having lifted him to heights of success. Declarations of this sort, for certain very cogent reasons, always seemed to me wildly erroneous, and more than once, when made in my hearing, I have given them my most earnest denial. But all that is quite an affair of the past, now. I am glad to know, however, that Dr. Hammond's exceptional vitality and geniality are by no means an affair of the past. "How do you manage," I once asked him, "to crowd so much into a single day?" From nine until two o'clock he would see the patients who came to him—or were brought. At least three days a week, if I mistake not, he would lecture before students at some famous hospital—and lecture most brilliantly, besides. He went a good deal into society. He always had his box at the opera throughout the entire season, and rarely missed a night. He read every good book that came out, and was especially fond of novels. He wrote a number of novels himself, one of which, "Lal," had, I believe, a great sale. He also wrote many learned and delightful essays, besides the medical books which first won him renown. He is no longer young, and few have better knowledge than he of life's terrible uncertainties. And

yet I can somehow never think of William A. Hammond as passing away from earth. He is to me a tower of strength, physical and intellectual alike. More than either, his heart is a great one—and that, in a great physician, has the most golden and voluminous of meanings!

## CURRENT EDDIES.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE thoughtless are impressed by murders and politics; but the philosophic mind views with concern the status of the matrimonial situation, which outlasts all other mortal concerns. An American young lady, pretty, accomplished and of the best stock, marries an American African. I don't know that I can put it better than that. The African is no doubt a superior man; but he is a negro. Is this agreeable news? Perhaps our gallant fellow-countrymen who burn, shoot and hang other negroes might answer No. Others again, less earnest and American, might say Yes. The philosophic mind is interested to know whether the practice is likely to become general. Miscegenation is the word, I believe. There was a time when it would have raised a riot; and that was a time when negro-lynching was much less common than now. As a nation, we seem to be something less than completely harmonious in some of our opinions. The fruit of inharmony is apparent inconsistency. But here is a negro and a white population side by side, and the question is, are the two to mix and become one, or not? We have not hitherto waxed over-indignant when the initiative of the mixing has come from the side of the white men; it is only when the white women follow their brothers' example that we kick. Is this philosophical?—and if so, why? Is it mere prejudice, and if so, is it based upon the fact that negroes are negroes, or that American negroes are descendants of slaves? If the latter, we ought to get over it; if the former, and there be physiological grounds for it, the thing should be discouraged. I suppose scientific men can tell us whether the black and white combination be physiologically stable and wholesome. Mulattoes are not specially stupid intellectually, so far as I am aware; but they seem apt to be untrustworthy or vicious—which might easily be the result of the immorality which brought about their existence, and of the circumstances of their bringing up. Now if we make the connections between white and black moral and legal, and accept the offspring thereof on a footing of equality, their faults might disappear; and as to the intellectual condition of brown children, that need cause us no anxiety; our girls are quite clever enough, and a little emphasis on the other side of the nature might be a good thing. Besides, what a simple and effective way of settling the negro problem!—just marry them out of sight! I spoke the other day to another philosopher on the negro problem, asking him for his solution, and he said, "Oh, they will all die out in a few years." This solution had not occurred to me, and I did not ask my friend for the reason of the faith that was in him; but assuming, just for argument's sake, that he was wrong, I do not at this moment discern any better expedient than marrying. We outnumber the blacks; and the quicker we start in making wives and husbands of them, the sooner they will vanish.—Nevertheless, if you ask me whether I should rejoice were I confronted with an array of negro sons and daughters-in-law, I must admit that I should not.

But the structure of many things hitherto deemed immutable seems to be breaking down nowadays. A young Hebrew prophet has arisen, and sets himself against—of all things in the world—Jewish ceremonial, and the Jewish conception of the Jehovah. He wants a free or spiritual interpretation of Scripture. This is almost too radical for belief. It is all very well for Dr. Abbott to argue for rationalism in religion; he simply puts in words what most so-called Christians have long been keeping in the unopened parcel-room of their minds. But if the Chosen People were chosen for anything, it was because they were by nature such inveterate sticklers for forms and traditions. It was not because they were broad, but because they were narrow; not because they were liberal and enlightened, but because they were so "set" in their ways as to be quite beyond reason. Therefore were they selected to be the guardians of the Bible; no other known people would have kept it all these thousands of years without yielding to the temptation to "improve" it in accordance with the changing fashions and predispositions of ages. But the Jew clings to the letter, and nothing could move him. He would hear nothing of the spirit which giveth life. The Divine wisdom of the arrangement begins to be apparent now, when a spiritual light is gradually irradiating Scripture, and we are discovering that the Letter is the physical misleading shell in which is contained and preserved the infinite truths of spiritual life. The Letter of the Bible is false just as the appearance that the sun rises is false; that appearance served us well enough until we were ready to understand the facts. But because we know, now, that the sun does not rise, but the earth turns over, we do not insist that the sun shall not seem to rise the same as ever. If the Jews had changed the Letter to accord with their literary or



philosophical fancies, there would have been no spiritual truth to be revealed, and the Book would have died a natural death long ago. Divine Wisdom prevented that, because it understood the Jewish nature, its dogged and impenetrable tenacity. Imagine what our Bible would have been now had it been intrusted to the custody of the Hindoos, Greeks or Romans!

What is the significance of our new young prophet's departure? Does it not indicate the approaching disappearance of Judaism? Now that we have learned the real value of the Letter of Scripture (as the continent of the Spirit) the use of the Jew in religious economy no longer exists. We can do without him, and he can do without himself. We will keep the Bible intact without his help. He and we will inevitably become each other. For a long time past the greater part of so-called Christendom has been just as much Jews as the Jews themselves, so far as religious convictions go. The considerations that maintained the line of cleavage between us and them were due to such trifling externalities as the keeping of the passover, circumcision, wearing hats in church, calling a church a synagogue, and so on. Also, though the Jewish gaberdine is gone, there survive a Jewish nose, eye, and aptitude for money-making. But when there is no longer a Jewish ceremonial, these racial peculiarities will disappear with intermarriages—or perhaps, in the case of money-making, be re-enforced and accentuated. And all this, together with Mr. Tesla's discoveries, means that the New Age is at hand.

What, then, are we to make of the information that a wealthy and presumably good-looking young lady, who might have had anything on earth she wanted, has turned from what most other women live and die for, and has taken the Veil? The incident is anything but unique; but there it is. In thinking about it, one cannot but reflect that these voluntary renunciations of the world are generally made by ladies who really have everything to renounce. We do not hear of poor seamstresses retiring to convents. They have nothing, and therefore they want things, and work their fingers to the bone for them. When, on the contrary, a woman does have things, she voluntarily throws them away. Without wishing to cast reflections upon the genuineness of the religious spirit which may impel such a proceeding, the fact is so characteristic of mere human nature that I must refer to it. Human nature slights what it has, and values what it has not. The intrinsic worth of the thing does not come into consideration at all. Convent life may be the only truly desirable life, or it may be a mere shirking of Divinely-imposed responsibilities; but what is plain is, that when a woman has the world at her feet, she stands on that and wants something else; and the only other thing available is the convent. In other words, the world does not satisfy her. But possibly it may turn out that, upon trial, she finds the convent unsatisfactory too. However gladly we may concede that religion is the best of things, we can hardly admit that religion is possible only in a convent. A woman may be in the world, and yet religious. Why, then, insist upon the convent? May it not be the truth that what she is really in quest of (though without knowing it herself) is not religion, nor even a convent, but just the interior satisfaction of making a great change—taking an irrevocable step? She wants to be happy—bless her heart!—and if she can get happiness only by giving up her fortune and fasting and wearing ugly clothes, why, then she will do these things. The seamstress, on the other hand, needs for her happiness only to get a good engagement, assuring her a dilly meal or two. A Marie Barberi is happy if she be not hanged. There is no great difference between the three. Mutatis mutandis, they would play one another's parts. Meanwhile I am not prone to believe that in the perfect social state whose approach I hailed in the last paragraph, we shall go, all of us, into convents. I do not think the young heiress who took the veil last week is the pioneer of any general movement in that direction. I am rather disposed to say that her act has no significance whatever, any more than has the whim of any pretty woman, accustomed to do as she pleases.

I do not suppose, either, that we shall always pay so much attention as we do to the performances of the fashionable world. I take up the papers and read whole columns, cabled from London, about—what? Well, the Duchess of Devonshire gave a ball, and many Americans were invited, and of course went. Here is a sketch of the ballroom, before the guests got there; and descriptions of the ladies' and gentlemen's dresses, and what dances they danced, and who were partners. Only the day before there was that reception at the Chamberlains', when the Prince and Princess of Wales were not able to elbow their way in. Millions of Americans like to read these things, and so the papers spend a lot of money to print them. But is it not funny, when you come to think of it? I remember that the Senior Wrangler wanted to know what "Paradise Lost" proved; and I shall not inquire what is proved by the Duchess of Devonshire's ball. I can even understand that it was nice to be there. What puzzles me is, Why are we so hot to hear about it? Is it that we may enter in imagination into the joy and pride of the guests? Is it that we crave to be assured of the fact of the latter's

happiness? Is it that we feel ourselves ennobled by the honor conferred upon these our fellow-creatures—fellow-countrypeople even? Is it... There must of course be some reason, but I confess I am pretty nearly at the end of my guessing-resources. Well, I suppose it is simply that we are human beings, and interested in whatever human beings do, no matter how snobbish, or idiotic, or criminal, or sordid, or noble. It makes little odds to us what the thing they do is, so we can hear about it. We are built that way, and though the consequence is nil in all but one instance out of ten thousand, or worse than nil, yet once in a great while it answers a good purpose, and that is enough. Sympathy is at the bottom of it; and it is better to have sympathies susceptible even to mean and trivial stimuli than to be dead to sympathy entirely.

There is to be another great hotel. From the pot-house of the Middle Ages to that huge agglomeration half-way up Fifth Avenue, what an abyss! The advance of external civilization is measured thereby. Whatsoever is convenient, luxurious, gorgeous, even tasteful very often, is to be found at these big hotels of ours, which are not homes, but stopping-places for whomsoever may turn up with money to pay the bills. Our simple, democratic citizens sit and walk, eat and sleep, drink and smoke, converse and flirt in them, and accustom themselves with remarkable celerity to their magnificence; many of them do even sojourn in them, for days, months and years at a time; yet they are not their homes; they could not build such palaces for their private accommodation. Inns were not originally designed for the purposes these stupendous structures were made for, and the latter consequently beget an unreal manner and habit of life. They give us accommodations which do not really belong to us; they engender an ease and luxury which we could not normally sustain. Picture and sculpture galleries, museums of art and science, might at first sight appear to be in the same category, but they are not; they cultivate taste and increase knowledge, whereas the big hotels do but minister, however subtly, to our sensual, vain and idle instincts. We return from them to the comparative bareness and ugliness of our dwellings, and are now no longer at home there either. As the British workingman longs for the sparkle and social freedom of the British "Pub," so do we for the indigestible splendor of our hotels. But magnificence which is not the outcome of our personal and private means and tastes is barbarism; and the civilization illustrated in the American hotel is barbaric. It is gradually introducing a new sort of creature, and not a desirable one—the hotel-person. There are few qualities more valuable to a nation than the home-instinct; and we are losing it through our hotel fad. Home involves the family; the family means natural and wholesome human relations; but all the world is our family at a hotel. Those semi-hotels called apartment-houses are an outgrowth of the hotel idea, and are as bad as they if not worse. They save the trouble of housekeeping; they enable us to eat our cake and have it too, and to eat cake and nothing else. How shall we ever "strike for our altars and our fires" if we have none of our own to strike for? The "trouble" of housekeeping, like the trouble of child-bearing, is a thing man (or woman if you please) was born to, and to be relieved of it is not a gain but a loss. It is a trouble to paint a great picture or write an immortal book, but the artist or author undergoes it for the sake of the immense reward that creation brings with it. The creation of a true home is a finer work of art than picture or statue-making, and the delight of creation is more deeply felt in it. But it involves trouble; and when we have saved ourselves that trouble, what use do we make of our leisure? What use does any one make of stolen goods?—No good use. Watch the hotel-person, of either sex, and see. The tavern loafer has never been thought a respectable personage, and our hotel-persons are tavern loafers. The female tavern loafer is elsewhere than here hardly mentionable; but our females of that stripe are anything but socially anathema. Notice what fine clothes they wear, and what elegant manners they have! And look in their eyes: do you discern there any traces of the wifely, motherly, or domestic instinct?—No, but you discern something else—or nothing!

There are to be recorded two facts of interest concerning bicycles. One is that you may now buy one for something like half-price. It has long been asserted that a bicycle costs to make only a third of what the public pays for it; the maker either ignored or denied the statement, then they said that the expenses of agencies and advertising swallowed up nine-tenths of the profits. The truth is there is too much competition, and perhaps a little too much hogghishness. Be that as it may, there is a cut, and probably a war; and honest bicyclists come by their own. You pay now only twice as much as the machine is worth, instead of three times. But then, what is a bicycle worth to him who rides it? It is inestimable; it saves its cost every month, morally, intellectually, physically, if not financially. Would not I rather have a bicycle than a hundred dollars, not to speak of sixty or thirty?

The other piece of bicycle news is that bicycles cause appendicitis. Now that I think of it, perhaps it was this

assertion that caused the reduction in price. We cannot afford to both pay full price for our wheel, and then the surgeon's bill for cutting us open and taking out our vermiform appendix. Meanwhile, lay ingenuity exhausts itself in the effort to establish a reasonable connection between the affliction and the exercise. We may concede that the former has come into existence only since the latter became popular; but there we come to the end of our resources. Appendicitis is caused, we are told, by the introduction of grape-seeds or similar bodies into the elongated bag which seems to have been placed within us by Providence exactly for that purpose. Some years ago this discovery bade fair to ruin the grape market; now it aims a deadly blow at the bicycle industry. Is it not singular that this small scrap of entrail, after existing silent and inoffensive for some millions of years, should all at once erect itself, at the close of the nineteenth century, and conduct itself with all the wanton malice of the full-grown dragons of old times? Are we to infer that the Vermiform Appendix is the Serpent of the Garden, and that the affliction which occasioned the closing of that resort was only appendicitis after all? And now, just before the prophets' Day of Armageddon, does this Old Serpent uncoil himself once more, to work his last of evil on the race? It is easier for the lay mind to suppose this than to believe that the bicycle can create grape-stones, and conduct them unerringly into the aforesaid serpent's maw. If it be true, then of course the bicycle must be an invention of the devil, as truck-drivers maintain, and may, indeed, be simply the Serpent himself, with his tail in his mouth. The Serpent as bicycle provides food for the Serpent as Vermiform Appendix, and by the same act destroys the human race. The scheme is transparent enough once it is pointed out; but the bicycle-makers might defeat it by keeping a surgeon in stock whose office should be restricted to excoising, free of charge, the Vermiform Appendices of all purchasers of the firm's bicycles. An Undertaking Establishment might also be run in connection with the concern, for the convenience of such patients as might not emerge satisfactorily from the surgeon's hands.

Since Gail Hamilton died we have heard little of Mrs. Maybrick. It is now reported that Colonel Hay has gone to her rescue. Whether this woman be guilty or innocent, it almost seems as if England might better have killed her than passed sentence of lifelong imprisonment. For if she were guilty, then since the law slays not for vengeance but to deter others, the death penalty would have been more expedient; but if she was innocent, the mind shudders to contemplate the hideousness of her fate. An innocent woman, lingering for years in an English prison! How much worse than any death! And to make it worse yet, she has never been quite free from the terrible hope of liberation. But suppose her freed: she has never been able to prove her innocence, and, innocent or guilty, the shadow of the crime would hang round her still. If guilty, liberty can bring her no peace; if innocent, the wrong done her cannot so be repaired. For injustice done by society upon the individual there never can be compensation. But irreparable though the injury be, it is not so deadly as that inflicted upon society itself. When national courts of justice go wrong or blunder, the stability and existence of the nation itself is imperiled.

Another strange rumor is that of the discovery in a madhouse of the real Roger Tichborne. Our mental constitution is such that we cannot help expecting some reason for things; but it is hard to divine the reason of that Tichborne affair. It cost the Tichbornes a lot of money, it cost Orton's lawyer his reputation and his life; it gave Orton himself years in jail; and all the while the original Roger was out of his mind in Australia. What moral can be drawn from it? Incidentally it may illustrate an evil appertaining to hereditary ownership of estates; and the wide interest the case aroused may prove once more what fools we mortals be. It is an instance of a game in which everybody lost and nobody won. And now that Sir Roger is found (if that rumor be confirmed) no good can come to him either, for his mind was not recovered with him. Perhaps the old Preacher's "Vanitas Vanitatum" is the final word in the matter. All this pother about a little real estate and revenue! We call things ours; we fight and sin for them; we die and leave them. Hear what Emerson heard in the Earth Song.

'They called me theirs  
Who so controlled me;  
Yet every one  
Wished to stay, and is gone.  
How am I theirs,  
If they cannot hold me,  
But I hold them?'

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